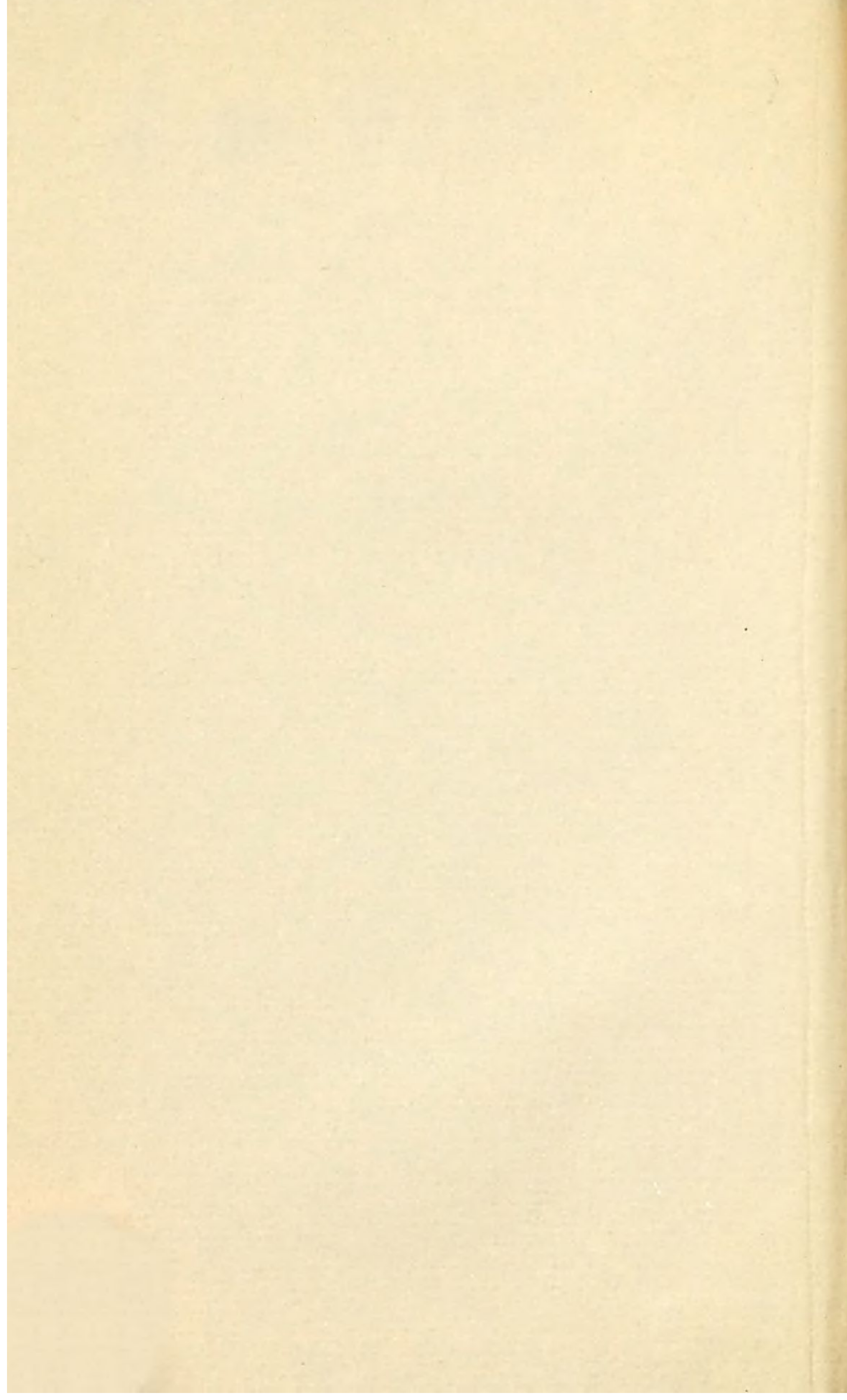


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James D. Smith

1438

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

C
RUBAIYAT OF OMAR
KHAYYAM, TRANSLA-
TED BY JUSTIN HUNTLY
M^cCARTHY, M.P.

= 05

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Khayyam
Rubaiyat

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DEDICATION.

TO ANDREW LANG.

DEAR SINGER OF THE NORTH, FOR
ALL THE HOURS
THE HAPPY HOURS I OWE YOU TAKE
AT LEAST
THESE ECHOES OF OUR SINGER OF THE
EAST
WHERE STILL THE BROWN BIRD SINGS,
THE TULIP FLOWERS,
THE WINE RUNS RED, THE FLUTE-GIRL
HAUNTS THE BOWERS,
WHERE STILL THE POET, DRINKING AT
LIFE'S FEAST,
SMILES AT THE JEST OF POTTER, PRINCE,
AND PRIEST,
THE DOOM OF THRONES AND BABY-
LONIAN TOWERS.

YOU WHO LOVE OMAR, YOU WHOSE
VERSES REST,
LIKE OMAR'S LONGED-FOR ROSES, ON
HIS TOMB,
FORGIVE THE RASHNESS THAT WOULD
FAIN CONJURE
THE WATCHER OF THE STARS, A WEL-
COME GUEST
INTO YOUR PRESENCE FROM THE CYPRESS
GLOOM,
AND GLORY OF ENCHANTED NAISHAPUR !



INTRODUCTION.

I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE DAY WHEN I FIRST MADE ACQUAINTANCE WITH OMAR KHAYYAM. IT WAS YEARS AGO, "I SHALL NOT SAY HOW MANY, BUT NOT MANY," THAT FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION WAS LENT TO ME TO READ BY A YOUNG LADY WHO HAS SINCE BEEN FOUND "DEAR TO THE MUSES," AND WHOM DESTINY HAD EVIDENTLY MARKED OUT FOR SYMPATHY WITH PERSIAN SCHOLARSHIP, MISS MARY ROBINSON, THE CHARMING POETESS, WHO IS NOW THE WIFE OF THE DISTINGUISHED ORIENTALIST, MR. DARMESTETER. SHE HAD HERSELF, IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, BEEN INTRODUCED TO OMAR BY THE LATE MR.

E. W. GODWIN, A MAN WHOSE RARE ABILITIES HAVE INEXPLICABLY LEFT LESS MARK UPON THE TIME THAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED. TO SAY THAT THE RUBAIYAT WERE A REVELATION TO ME AND THAT I ADORED THE REVELATION WOULD BE BUT TO CONVEY A PITIFUL AND MEAGRE SENSE OF MY ENTHUSIASM. I DRANK THE RED WINE OF OMAR FROM THE ENCHANTED CHALICE OF FITZGERALD AND GLORIED, AS JOYOUSLY AS OMAR HIMSELF, IN THE INTOXICATION. THE BOOK WAS NOT MINE TO KEEP, BUT I KNEW IT ALMOST BY HEART BEFORE I PARTED WITH IT; AND I SPEEDILY HAD AN OMAR OF MY OWN. FROM THIS OMAR WITH INFINITE PAINS I MADE A SMALL COPY WHICH I CARRIED ABOUT WITH ME, CARRIED WITH ME IN WANDERINGS TO ITALY AND READ AND RE-READ; READ

IN ALL MANNER OF FAIR ITALIAN CITIES, TILL EVEN NOW THE WINDS OF VERONA AND THE WATERS OF VENICE AND "PRAECEPTS ANIO" SEEM TO BEAR THE BURDEN RATHER OF THE DEAR OLD PERSIAN SINGER THAN ANY ECHO OF ROMEO, OR TASSO, OR HORACE. I MADE MYSELF A KIND OF LITTLE RELIGION OUT OF OMAR; I BECAME A BURDEN TO MY FRIENDS; MY WRITINGS—FOR I WROTE EVEN IN THOSE DAYS—SEEMED WITH THE PERSISTENCY OF HOTSPUR'S STARLING TO DO LITTLE SAVE ECHO THE NAME OF OMAR.

FROM THE OMAR OF FITZGERALD'S INCOMPARABLE VERSE TO OMAR HIMSELF, THE REAL OMAR IN HIS NATIVE PERSIAN WAS A STEP, BUT A HARD STEP. I PLUNGED INTO PERSIAN FOR OMAR'S SAKE; I STRUGGLED WITH

THE STRANGE SCRIPT OF THE EAST ;
I BECAME POSSESSED OF MR. WHIN-
FIELD'S EDITION FIRST, THEN OF NI-
COLAS'S, THE ONE ACCOMPANIED BY A
RENDERING IN ENGLISH VERSE, THE
OTHER BY A TRANSLATION IN FRENCH
PROSE. WITH THESE, IN SUCH LEISURE
AS I COULD FIND, AND AT LONG IN-
TERVALS, I GRAPPLED. MY PERSIAN
OF TO-DAY IS AT THE BEST BUT
BEGGARLY, BUT SUCH AS IT IS IT HAS
GIVEN ME INFINITE PLEASURE. I
HAVE GOT A LITTLE NEARER TO THE
GREAT POET OF NAISHAPUR ; I DARE
NOT SAY I KNOW HIM BETTER, I
COULD NOT SAY I LOVE HIM BETTER ;
SHALL I SAY THAT I HAVE READ MORE
OF HIM ? THE RESULT OF SCATTERED
STUDIES AND EFFORTS RENEWED AT
LONG INTERVALS LIES AT MY HAND,
A MASS OF TRANSLATION, HERE
BROUGHT TOGETHER NOT SO MUCH FOR

WHAT IT IS WORTH AS FOR WHAT IT WOULD BE WORTH. "TAKE THE WILL FOR A BETTER DEED." SUCH AS IT IS IT SETS FORTH THE MEANING OF OMAR AS I COULD BEST FATHOM IT. IT IS NO "CRIB" TO THE PERSIAN TEXT, NO HARD AND FAST LITERAL TRANSLATION. I HAVE SOUGHT TO CONVEY THE MEANING OF MY POET AS IT APPEARED TO ME ; I HAVE SET IT DOWN IN PROSE, BECAUSE, FIRSTLY, PROSE CAN GIVE THE MEANING MORE NEARLY THAN ANY VERSE COULD GIVE IT, SECONDLY, BECAUSE IT HAS NEVER BEEN DONE IN ENGLISH PROSE, THIRDLY, BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN DONE IN ENGLISH VERSE ONCE AND FOR EVER, AND TO ATTEMPT VERSE AGAIN IS BUT TO PUT ONESELF IN COMPARISON WITH FITZGERALD WHICH, IN THE PITHY PHRASE OF THE GREAT HELLENIC HUMOURIST, "IS ABSURD." THINK

THEN OF THESE POOR RENDERINGS
BUT AS ROSE PETALS GATHERED
HASTILY FROM THE GRAVE OF OMAR,
AND PARDON THE FADED TROPHIES
FOR THE SAKE OF THE LIVING TREE.

THE FATE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD'S
"OMAR KHAYYAM" IS ALMOST UNIQUE
IN LITERATURE. "PRO CAPTU LEC-
TORIS HABENT SUA FATA LIBELLI,"
SAID THE AMIABLE CARTHAGINIAN
LATINIST, TERENTIANUS MAURUS, LONG
AGO, IN AN HEXAMETER OF WHICH
FOUR WORDS HAVE BECOME FATALLY
HACKNEYED. BUT CERTAINLY FEW
BOOKS HAVE HAD A STRANGER FATE
THAN THAT OF FITZGERALD'S KHAYYAM.
IN MDCCCLVIII MR. FITZGERALD TOOK
HIS RENDERING OF THE RUBAIYAT OF
OMAR KHAYYAM TO MR. BERNARD
QUARITCH, THEN ONLY ONE AMONG
MANY ASPIRATIONS FOR THAT THRONE

AND KINGSHIP OF THE BOOK-WORLD WHICH HE HAS SINCE REACHED. IT WAS PRINTED AS A SMALL QUARTO PAMPHLET, WITH THE PUBLISHER'S NAME AND WITHOUT THE AUTHOR'S, AND WAS A MOST UNCOMPROMISING, HOPELESS, DISMAL FAILURE. IT FOUND NO BUYERS AT ITS PUBLISHED PRICE OF FIVE SHILLINGS, IT FOUND NO BUYERS AT FOUR SHILLINGS, AT THREE SHILLINGS ; IT RAN A RAPIDLY DESCENDING SCALE WITHOUT APPEALING TO THE PUBLIC, WHICH WOULD EVEN HAVE NONE OF IT AT SIXPENCE. AT LAST IT DROPPED INTO THAT PITIFUL PURGATORY OF LUCKLESS BOOKS, THE BOX MARKED "ALL THESE ONE PENNY EACH," WHICH IS VERY MUCH MORE THAN THREE STAGES MORE DEGRADED THAN THE "FOURPENNY BOX" OF WHICH MR. ANDREW LANG SINGS. AT A PENNY EACH THE TWO HUNDRED

COPIES OF OMAR KHAYYAM WHICH HAD BEEN PRINTED WERE AT LAST FORCED INTO THE HANDS OF A RELUCTANT PUBLIC. ALAS, AND ALAS! THE MAN WHO COULD BUY THOSE TWO HUNDRED COPIES BACK NOW AT A GUINEA A COPY WOULD BE MAKING A MAGNIFICENT AND UNHAPPILY IMPOSSIBLE BARGAIN. THE LAST TIME I SAW A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION QUOTED IN A CATALOGUE IT WAS PRICED AT FOUR GUINEAS, AND I DO NOT IMAGINE THAT IT WOULD BE EASY TO GET ONE AT THAT PRICE NOW. EVEN THE SECOND EDITION—WHICH, BY THE WAY, IS A VERY IMPORTANT EDITION—IS OUT OF PRINT AND MOST RARE, AND THE THIRD EDITION IS WORTH A GUINEA A COPY. BUT THIS IS ANTICIPATING. WHEN THE RUBAIYAT HAD AT LAST BEEN DISPOSED OF AT A PENNY PER COPY IT CHANCED THAT

IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF CERTAIN
VERY REMARKABLE MEN. DANTE
GABRIEL ROSSETTI, ALGERNON CHARLES
SWINBURNE AND CAPTAIN RICHARD
BURTON GOT COPIES OF THE BOOK,
AND, MEN OF GENIUS, RECOGNIZED ITS
GENIUS. ALL THREE POETS, THEY
SAW IN THE LITTLE BOOK THE WORK
OF A GREAT POET. TO THAT ONE OF
THE THREE WHO WAS DESTINED TO
BE A MOST ILLUSTRIOUS ORIENTALIST
THE MARVELLOUS BEAUTY AND TRUTH
OF ITS EASTERN ATMOSPHERE MUST
HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY APPARENT.
EACH OF THE THREE MEN HAD A
GREAT INFLUENCE UPON THE ARTISTIC
THOUGHT OF THE TIME, EACH OF THEM
AVOWED HIMSELF AN IMPASSIONED
DISCIPLE OF OMAR AND HIS UNKNOWN
TRANSLATOR, EACH OF THEM PREACHED
OMARISM TO HIS FRIENDS AND FOL-
LOWERS. IN A LITTLE WHILE THE

KHAYYAMISTS HAD SWELLED FROM A MERE HANDFUL OF MEN TO A GROWING ARMY, AND SOON IT BECAME CLEAR THAT A REPRINT OF THE ONCE REJECTED RUBAIYAT WAS A NECESSITY. IN MDCCCLXVIII THE SECOND EDITION WAS PUBLISHED, ENLARGED AND CONSIDERABLY ALTERED, NOT ALWAYS WITH SUCCESS. THIS NEW EDITION FOUND A VERY DIFFERENT FATE FROM THE OLD ; IT SOLD RAPIDLY ENOUGH TO CALL FOR A NEW EDITION IN MDCCCLXXII, WITH FURTHER ALTERATIONS WHICH REPRESENT THE AUTHOR'S FINAL FORM, AS IT SCARCELY DIFFERS AT ALL FROM THE FOURTH EDITION OF MDCCCLXXIX. BY THE TIME THE THIRD EDITION WAS REACHED, THE FAME OF OMAR AND OF FITZGERALD WAS SECURE. IT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MAN THAT NONE OF THE EDITIONS BORE FITZGERALD'S NAME UPON THE TITLE-PAGE.

THE FAME WAS TO BE THE FAME OF OMAR, AND ONLY TO A COMPARATIVELY FEW FOR A LONG TIME WAS THE NAME KNOWN OF THE ANONYMOUS MAN OF GENIUS WHO HAD GIVEN OMAR KHAYYAM A NICHE IN THE PANTHEON OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. FOR EXAMPLE, THE REV. E. H. PLUMTRE, IN HIS EDITION OF THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES FOR THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE SERIES DRAWS AN ELABORATE AND INTERESTING PARALLEL BETWEEN THE UTTERANCES OF KOHELETH AND THE VERSES OF OMAR. IT IS CURIOUS, HOWEVER, TO NOTE THAT IN THIS STUDY OF WHAT HE CALLS "A PERSIAN KOHELETH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY," HE DOES NOT SEEM TO BE AWARE OF THE NAME OF THE TRANSLATOR OF THE RUBAIYAT ON WHICH HE BUILDS HIS ARGUMENT.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT INDEED TO OVER ESTIMATE THE INFLUENCE OF OMAR KHAYYAM UPON THE THOUGHT AND THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY. MR. SWINBURNE, WHO HAS SO LARGELY INFLUENCED THE LITERARY FORM OF THE GENERATION, WAS HIMSELF PROFOUNDLY INFLUENCED BY OMAR, AND THE INFLUENCE MAY BE EASILY SEEN IN HIS EARLIER WORKS. HE WAS THE FIRST ENGLISH POET AFTER EDWARD FITZGERALD, TO MAKE USE OF THE RUBAIYAT FORM OF VERSE IN "LAUS VENERIS," INTRODUCING INTO IT AN EXQUISITE ARTISTIC AMPLIFICATION BY WHICH THE THIRD UNRHYMED LINE OF THE PERSIAN FORM RHYMED WITH THE THIRD LINE OF THE NEXT STANZA. MR. EDMUND W. GOSSE WAS, I THINK, THE NEXT TO USE THE FORM IN THE CHARMING INTRODUCTION TO HIS FIRST INDEPENDENT VOLUME OF VERSE

“ON VIOL AND FLUTE.” SINCE THEN IT HAS PRACTICALLY TAKEN ITS PLACE AS ONE OF THE RECOGNIZED FORMS OF ENGLISH VERSE, AND ONE, TOO, OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL. I ALWAYS IMAGINE THAT I CAN TRACE NOT A RESEMBLANCE, BUT A SYMPATHY BETWEEN “FELISE” WHICH I CONSIDER TO BE PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF MR. SWINBURNE’S MOST BEAUTIFUL VOLUME, AND THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. TO MR. SWINBURNE OMAR OWES THE MOST ELOQUENT TRIBUTE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, THE WORDS WHICH ARE TO BE FOUND IN A NOTE TO THE ESSAY ON BLAKE. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT I CAN TRACE OF ANY OMAR INFLUENCE IN ROSSETTI’S WORK, AND, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, HIS BROTHER WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI IN HIS INTERESTING PREFACE TO THE COLLECTED

EDITION OF DANTE GABRIEL'S WRITINGS, DOES NOT EVEN MENTION THE FACT OF HIS EITHER READING OR ADMIRING "OMAR KHAYYAM." FITZGERALD'S NAME IS MENTIONED BUT ONLY IN CONNECTION WITH ANOTHER WORK. "CALDERON, IN FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION, HE ADMIRER DEEPLY; BUT THIS WAS ONLY AT A LATER DATE," AND A FEW LINES FURTHER ON, MR. WILLIAM ROSSETTI ADDS THE CURIOUS INFORMATION THAT HE HAD "LITTLE OR NO CURIOSITY ABOUT ORIENTAL—SUCH AS INDIAN, PERSIAN, OR ARABIC—POETRY." THOSE WHO HAVE EVER ENJOYED THE FELICITY OF HEARING SIR RICHARD BURTON RECITE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR IN THEIR SONOROUS PERSIAN, KNOW BEST HIS ADMIRATION FOR THE ASTRONOMER POET, AND THE ESTIMATION IN WHICH HE HOLDS HIM.

ONLY AN ADMIRER OF OMAR KHAYYAM

COULD HAVE WRITTEN THE KASIDAH
—COUPLETS—OF THAT HAJI ABDU EL
YEZDI, WHO MUST RANK IN THE
SHADOW-LAND OF MYTHICAL ORIENTALS
WITH MIRZA SCHAFFY, AND WHOSE
“LAY OF THE HIGHER LAW,” KNOWN
TO THE FORTUNATE, REPRESENTS IN
VERSE OF INTENSELY EASTERN AROMA,
THE CREED OF EL HICHMAKANI, A
SURNAME OF HAJI ABDU, SIGNIFYING
OF “NO HALL NOWHERE.”

THE HOUR IS NIGH : THE WANING QUEEN
WALKS FORTH TO RULE THE LATER
NIGHT ;
CROWNED WITH THE SPARKLE OF A STAR
AND THRONED ON ORB OF ASHEN LIGHT :

THE WOLF-TAIL SWEEPS THE PALING EAST
TO LEAVE A DEEPER GLOOM BEHIND,
AND DAWN UPREARS HER SHINING HEAD,
SIGHING WITH SEMBLANCE OF A WIND.

·IT OPENS AS KHAYYAM OPENS, WITH
THE FALSE DAWN, THE WOLF-TAIL ;

HERE ARE SOME VERSES THAT HAVE
SOMETHING OF THE RESOLUTE INDE-
PENDENCE OF KHAYYAM IN THEM.

DO WHAT THY MANHOOD BIDS THEE DO,
FROM NONE BUT SELF EXPECT APPLAUSE,
HE NOBLEST LIVES AND NOBLEST DIES WHO
MAKES AND KEEPS HIS SELF-MADE LAWS.

ALL OTHER LIFE IS LIVING DEATH, A WORLD
WHERE NONE BUT PHANTOMS DWELL,
A BREATH, A WIND, A SOUND, A VOICE, A
TINKLING OF THE CAMEL-BELL.

HOW THEN SHALL MAN SO ORDER LIFE THAT
WHEN HIS TALE OF YEARS IS TOLD,
LIKE SATED GUEST HE WENDS HIS WAY, HOW
SHALL HIS EVEN TENOUR HOLD?

DESPITE THE WRIT THAT STORES THE SKULL ;
DESPITE THE TABLE AND THE PEN,
MAUGRE THE FATE THAT PLAYS US DOWN,
HER BOARD THE WORLD, HER PIECES
MEN.

“HAJI ABDU,” SAYS HIS EDITOR, WHO SIGNS HIMSELF F. B., “HAS BEEN KNOWN TO ME FOR MORE YEARS THAN I CARE TO RECORD.” PERHAPS IT WILL NOT REQUIRE ANY VERY PROFOUND CAPACITY FOR PENETRATION TO DISCOVER THAT HAJI ABDU AND F. B. ARE IDENTICAL, AND THAT THE F. B. ARE BUT THE HONEST MASK THAT CONCEALS SIR RICHARD BURTON. THERE IS NO SUCH PERSON AS HAJI ABDU. IT IS CURIOUS TO RECOLLECT THAT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE EARLIER ADMIRERS OF FITZGERALD’S POEM WERE WELL-NIGH DOUBTFUL OF THE VERY EXISTENCE OF OMAR KHAYYAM, DOUBTFUL CERTAINLY AS TO WHETHER HE WROTE ANYTHING AT ALL RESEMBLING THE RHYMES WHICH THE ANONYMOUS TRANSLATOR ATTRIBUTED TO HIM.

ADMIRATION FOR OMAR KHAYYAM WAS

EVIDENTLY IN THE AIR SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO. FOR IN MDCCCLXVII, M. NICHOLAS, FORMERLY DRAGOMAN OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY IN PERSIA, AND THEN FRENCH CONSUL AT RESCHT, BROUGHT OUT AN ELABORATE EDITION OF THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR IN THEIR PERSIAN TEXT ACCOMPANIED BY A RENDERING IN FRENCH PROSE. THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST REASON TO ASSUME THAT M. NICHOLAS HAD EVER HEARD OF THE ENGLISH VERSION, OR FOR THE MATTER OF THAT OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. IF AS BETWEEN ONE ORIENTALIST AND ANOTHER, ANY LINK, EVEN OF THE SLIGHTEST CASUAL CORRESPONDENCE, HAD EXISTED, IT MAY BE IMAGINED THAT M. NICHOLAS WOULD HAVE ALLUDED TO HIS ENGLISH COLLEAGUE IN HIS PREFACE. THERE IS NO SUCH ALLUSION. THE IDEA OF DOING KHAYYAM SEEMS TO HAVE

COME TO HIM QUITE INDEPENDENTLY.
“I OFTEN THOUGHT,” HE SAYS,
“DURING MY STAY IN PERSIA THAT A
FRENCH TRANSLATION OF THE QUAT-
RAINS OF KHAYYAM MIGHT HAVE SOME
INTEREST FOR LITERARY EUROPE.” M.
NICHOLAS PUT HIS CASE MODESTLY,
BUT WHEN HE RETURNED TO PARIS
AND FAVOURED CERTAIN OF HIS
FRIENDS WITH CITATIONS FROM OMAR,
THEY WERE FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM,
AND URGED HIM TO PRINT. THE RE-
SULT WAS THE HANDSOME VOLUME
WHICH IS PERHAPS EVEN A GREATER
GLORY OF THE “IMPRIMERIE IMPE-
RIALE” THAN THE MAGNIFICENT AND
MONUMENTAL EDITION OF THE SHAH
NAMEH, CARRIED THROUGH BY M.
JULIUS MOHL. IT IS INTERESTING TO
FIND THAT OMAR FOUND A SIMILAR
FATE IN FRANCE TO THAT WHICH HE
EXPERIENCED IN ENGLAND. HE WAS

AT ONCE RECOGNIZED AND WEL-
COMED BY MEN OF GENIUS. THEO-
PHILE GAUTIER, THE MOST ARTISTIC
MIND OF FRANCE, READ THE KHAY-
YAM OF NICHOLAS, AND IMME-
DIATELY WROTE UPON IT AN
ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN THE
“MONITEUR UNIVERSEL” FOR VIII
DECEMBER, MDCCCLXVII, AND HAS
SINCE BEEN REPRINTED IN THE
TWO DELIGHTFUL VOLUMES OF HIS
“L’ORIENT.”

IT IS CERTAINLY NOT SURPRISING
THAT THEOPHILE GAUTIER RECOGNIZED
THE GENIUS AND THE BEAUTY OF OMAR
KHAYYAM, AND THAT HE CONSECRATED
TO THAT ADMIRATION SOME OF THE
MOST PERFECT PAGES OF HIS PROSE.
TO SUCH A POET, TO SUCH AN ARTIST,
IT WAS ONLY NECESSARY THAT OMAR
KHAYYAM SHOULD BE MADE KNOWN
IN ORDER THAT HE SHOULD BE LOVED.

BUT IT IS A LITTLE CURIOUS THAT MUCH ABOUT THE SAME TIME, AND QUITE INDEPENDENTLY, ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIP AND FRENCH SCHOLARSHIP SHOULD BE AT WORK UPON OMAR KHAYYAM, AND THAT A GREAT ENGLISH POET AND A GREAT FRENCH POET SHOULD BE ALIKE FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM FOR THE PERSIAN POET WHO HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO THEM FROM THE OBLIVION OF LONG CENTURIES. THEOPHILE GAUTIER IS AS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE OMAR KNOWN TO HIM THROUGH NICHOLAS AS SWINBURNE IS ABOUT THE OMAR KNOWN TO HIM THROUGH FITZGERALD. THE VERY WAY IN WHICH HE BEGINS HIS ESSAY SHOWS HOW DEEPLY HE WAS IMPRESSED. “‘HAVE YOU READ BARUCH?’ LA FONTAINE ASKED EVERYBODY HE MET AFTER A STUDY OF THAT PROPHET WHICH HAD PRO-

FOUNDLY IMPRESSED HIS MIND.
'HAVE YOU READ THE QUATRAINS OF
KHAYYAM,' WE SHOULD FEEL INCLINED
TO SAY, SO MUCH HAS THE BOOK IM-
PRESSED US SINCE WE TURNED ITS
PAGES." AND THEN GAUTIER GOES ON
TO SKETCH THE LIFE OF OMAR, AND
TO APPRECIATE HIS VERSES WITH
THAT FINE DECISIVE SYMPATHY WHICH
IS MOST ADMIRABLE WHEN SHOWN BY
POET TO POET.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S WORDS HELP
TO CONJURE UP A CHARACTERISTIC,
DELIGHTFUL PICTURE OF OMAR KHAY-
YAM SEATED ON SOME WIDE WHITE
TERRACE AT THE COOL OF THE DAY
WITH FRIENDS AND DANCING-GIRLS
ABOUT HIM, WITH CUPS AND JARS AT
HAND, WITH SOME BOOK OF VERSES
HARD BY, THE FAIR FINE PERSIAN
SCRIPT BLACK UPON THE IVORY-TINTED
VELLUM ALL GORGEOUS WITH BLUES

AND REDS AND POWDERED WITH GOLD.
HERE THE SKIMMER OF THE STARS
SET FREE HIS SOUL, LAUGHED AT THE
MOLLAHS, SANG HIS DIVINE SONGS
AND "LOOSED HIS FINGERS IN THE
TRESSES OF THE CYPRESS-SLENDER
MINISTER OF WINE." OR WE MAY
IMAGINE HIM WALKING IN SOME GAR-
DEN RED WITH ROSES AND NOISY
WITH NIGHTINGALES, AND MEDITATING
UPON THE DOOM OF YOUTH AND
BEAUTY AND THE GRINDING WHEEL
OF HEAVEN WHICH REDUCES JAMSHID
AND KAI KHOSROU TO POTTER'S CLAY
AND BIDS TULIPS SPRING FROM THE
CHEEKS OF PERISHED LOVELINESS.
OR YET AGAIN RECLINING IN SOME
GREEN PLACE WHERE THE LILIES BLOW
LIKE THE LAZY HORATIAN CHILD OF
GENIUS, "BY THE SMOOTH HEAD OF
SOME SACRED STREAM," WITH WINE
AND RHYMES AND A DELICIOUS FRIEND.

BUT ALWAYS MELANCHOLY, AS MELANCHOLY AS KOHELETH YESTERDAY, SCHOPENHAUER OR JULIUS BAHNSEN TO-DAY, FILLED INDEED WITH WHAT RENAN CALLS "LA GRANDE CURIOSITÉ," BUT WHOLLY UNABLE TO GRATIFY IT OR STIFLE IT.

FOR MY OWN PART I CAN NEVER ACCEPT THE OMAR WHOM SOME WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE IN—THE OMAR WHOSE VERSES ARE ALL A JUGGLE OF MYSTICISM, WHOSE LOVE OF WINE IS BUT A CHEATING CANT, WHOSE PHRASES OF PASSION ARE BUT THE OVERSTRUNG AND MOST UNSEEMLY UTTERANCES OF THE UNHINGED DEVOTEE. IT IS CERTAINLY TRUE THAT POETS WHO PRAISE WINE ARE NOT ALWAYS WINE-BIBBERS. ATHENÆUS INSINUATES THAT ANACREON, THAT HERO EPONYMUS OF ALL POT-COMPANIONS, WAS IN REALITY A STRICT

TEETOTALER, MEMBER, NO DOUBT, OF MANY HELLENIC BANDS OF HOPE. TURGUENIEV TOO, IN ONE OF HIS NOVELS, SPEAKS OF A RUSSIAN POET WHO WAS FAMOUS FOR HIS BACCHANALIAN VERSES, BUT WHO NEVER HIMSELF TASTED WINE ON ANY CONSIDERATION. BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO THINK OF OMAR KHAYYAM AS SUCH AN ONE. HE WAS NO SHEER SENSUAL WORSHIPPER OF WINE, WOMEN AND SONG, LIKE SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF GOLIATH, BUT WE MAY TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT HE SHARED THE OPINIONS OF MARTIN LUTHER ON THE THREE, AND THAT HIS WRITINGS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THE GOLDEN BOOK OF MOLINOS, OR THE QUIETISM OF MADAME GUYON.

YET ANOTHER GREAT WRITER IN ANOTHER PART OF THE WORLD WAS TOUCHED BY THE GENIUS OF KHAYYAM

—EMERSON, IN THE ARTICLE ON PERSIAN POETRY WHICH APPEARED IN "LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS," IN THE WANING YEARS OF HIS LIFE PAYS HIS TRIBUTE TOO OF HOMAGE TO OMAR KHAYYAM. YET IT DOES NOT APPEAR THAT EMERSON KNEW ANYTHING OF FITZGERALD OR OF NICHOLAS, OF THE ENTHUSIASM OF GAUTIER OR OF THE ENTHUSIASM OF SWINBURNE. THE COLLECTION OF TRANSLATIONS OF VON HAMMER PURGSTALL WERE FOR HIM THE KEY THAT UNLOCKED THE HEAVEN OF PERSIAN POETRY. BUT IT WAS ENOUGH FOR EMERSON, AS INDEED IT WAS ENOUGH FOR ANY HIGH SPIRIT, TO COME IN CONTACT WITH OMAR KHAYYAM TO RECOGNIZE A MASTER. HE HAILS "OMAR CHIAM" AS HE, FOLLOWING VON HAMMER PURGSTALL, SPELLS THE NAME, AS ONE OF THOSE PERSIAN

POETS WHO "PROMISE TO RISE IN
WESTERN ESTIMATION," AND HE REN-
DERS A QUATRAIN HIMSELF THUS:—

ON EARTH'S WIDE THOROUGHFARE BELOW,
TWO ONLY MEN CONTENTED GO;
WHO KNOWS WHAT'S RIGHT AND WHAT'S
FORBID,
AND HE FROM WHOM IS KNOWLEDGE HID.

LONG YEARS BEFORE THAT, EMERSON,
IN HIS "ENGLISH TRAITS," HAD PRE-
DICTED AND PREDICTED RIGHTLY THE
GROWTH OF "AN IRRESISTIBLE TASTE
FOR ORIENTALISM IN BRITAIN." IT IS
ONLY NATURAL THAT THE RULING
ISLAND OF AN EMPIRE SO LARGELY
EASTERN SHOULD COME IN THE FULNESS
OF TIME TO HAVE THAT "TASTE FOR
ORIENTALISM" WHICH EMERSON PRE-
DICTED, AND TO COUNT IN ITS SER-
VICE SUCH SCHOLARS AND POETS AS
EDWARD FITZGERALD AND SIR EDWIN
ARNOLD.

IN GERMANY, AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, OMAR FOUND MANY ADMIRERS, AND MANY TRANSLATORS, THE LATEST OF THEM THE EMINENT POET FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT WHO HAS ALSO TRANSLATED MUCH OF HAFIZ, AND WHO SO AUDACIOUSLY AND INGENIOUSLY INVENTED AND FOISTED UPON THE WORLD THE PERSIAN POET MIRZA SCHAFFY, ONE OF THE CLEVEREST PIECES OF LITERARY DECEPTION EVER PRACTISED. BODENSTEDT IS A POET AND A GOOD POET, AND HIS RENDERING IS OF INTEREST TO THE STUDENT, BUT HIS COMPLETE INDIFFERENCE TO THE FORM OF HIS ORIGINAL IS A LITTLE TRYING. HE HARDLY EVER ADHERES TO THE ORIGINAL MANNER OF THE RUBAIYAT, AND DASHES OFF WHENEVER HE FEELS INCLINED, WHICH IS FREQUENTLY, INTO ANY OTHER LYRICAL FORM WHICH SUITS HIS FANCY OR HIS CONVENIENCE. OTHER

GERMAN SCHOLARS BEFORE BODENSTEDT HAD STUDIED KHAYYAM. VON HAMMER PURGSTALL, AS WE HAVE SEEN, HAD TRANSLATED SOME OF HIM, AND CALLED HIM NOT TOO UNHAPPILY THE PERSIAN VOLTAIRE. RUCKERT TRANSLATED A COUPLE OF QUATRAINS, AND CALLED OMAR A "MAGICAL POET." OTHER GERMAN AUTHORS, TOO, HAVE TRIED THEIR HANDS AT RENDERINGS OF OMAR'S SONG.

FINALLY, THERE IS A RENDERING OF OMAR KHAYYAM INTO HUNGARIAN, IN A TINY DAINTY LITTLE VOLUME, PUBLISHED AT BUDA-PEST WITHOUT A DATE, UNDER THE TITLE OF "KELETI GYÖNGYÖK," WHICH BEING INTERPRETED MEANS "ORIENT PEARLS." IT IS DEDICATED TO THE GREAT LINGUIST AND TRAVELLER ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY. IT IS TRANSLATED FROM THE EDITION OF NICHOLAS, CONTAINING EXACTLY

AS MANY QUATRAINS IN EXACTLY THE SAME ORDER AS IN NICHOLAS. TO SAY THAT MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUNGARIAN LANGUAGE IS LIMITED WOULD BE TO PAY THAT KNOWLEDGE TOO GREAT A COMPLIMENT. STILL, SUCH AS IT IS, IT ENABLED ME TO PUZZLE OUT SOME OF THE MAGYAR RENDERING AND TO ASCERTAIN THAT IT SEEMS FAIRLY CLOSELY TRANSLATED. IT IS IN VERSE, BUT IT DOES NOT FOLLOW THE FORM OF THE ORIGINAL, AS THE QUATRAINS ARE THROUGHOUT GIVEN IN RHYMED COUPLETS, INSTEAD OF IN THE THREE RHYMING AND ONE NON-RHYMING LINE OF THE ORIGINAL RUBAIYAT. IT IS AN EXCEEDINGLY DAINY LITTLE VOLUME, DELIGHTFULLY ADAPTED FOR THE POCKET, AND I WISH WITH ALL MY HEART THAT MR. QUARITCH WOULD GIVE THE WORLD A NEW EDITION OF FITZGERALD'S

RENDERING IN A FORM SO COMPANION-
ABLE AND DELIGHTFUL. IT IS HIGHLY
CREDITABLE TO THE SCHOLARSHIP AND
THE TASTE OF HUNGARY THAT SUCH
A BOOK SHOULD BE PRODUCED AND
SHOULD BE POPULAR IN HUNGARY.
BUT IT IS ONLY ONE FURTHER PROOF
OF THE EXTRAORDINARY VITALITY OF
THE MAGYAR TONGUE, TOO MUCH NEG-
LECTED BY LINGUISTIC STUDENTS IN
OTHER COUNTRIES. IT WOULD BE
WORTH WHILE LEARNING HUNGARIAN,
NOT INDEED IN ORDER TO READ OMAR
KHAYYAM, BUT TO READ THE NOVELS
OF JOKAI.

PROBABLY THE FIRST MENTION OF
OMAR KHAYYAM'S NAME IN ENGLAND,
THOUGH NOT IN ENGLISH, OCCURS IN
"VETERUM PERSARUM RELIGIO" OF
THOMAS HYDE PUBLISHED IN MDCC, IN
WHICH KHAYYAM IS HAILED AS KING OF
THE WISE AND WONDER OF HIS AGE. BUT,

SPEAKING ROUGHLY, THE NAME OF OMAR WAS PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN TO ENGLISH ORIENTAL SCHOLARSHIP UNTIL FITZGERALD CAME. THE NAME OF OMAR WAS DIMLY FAMILIAR AS THAT OF AN EMINENT ASTRONOMER WHO WROTE A STANDARD WORK ON ALGEBRA, A SORT OF ORIENTAL "COCKER,"—HAJI KHALFA SEEMS TO REGARD HIM SOLELY AS A MATHEMATICIAN—BUT IT SEEMED NEVER TO OCCUR TO ANYBODY THAT THE ASTRONOMER AND ALGEBRAIST WAS ALSO A POET OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, AND THAT TO CALL HIM THE PEER OF HAFIZ, OF SAADI, OR ANY OTHER OF THE RECOGNIZED GLORIES OF PERSIAN SONG WAS TO PAY A VERY DECIDED COMPLIMENT TO THOSE SAME GLORIES. I DO NOT THINK THAT SIR WILLIAM JONES, TO WHOM ENGLISH ORIENTALISM OWES SO MUCH, AND WHO HAD IN HIM SOMETHING OF A

LITERARY SKILL IN VERSE MAKING, EVER MENTIONS OMAR KHAYYAM'S NAME AS A POET. YOU MAY SEARCH IN VAIN THROUGH GORE OUSELEY'S ATTRACTIVE VOLUME ON THE PERSIAN POETS FOR A HINT AS TO HIS EXISTENCE. YOU MAY SEARCH IN VAIN THE BEST BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARIES OF ALL BUT THE MOST RECENT YEARS FOR ANY ENTRY OF HIS EXISTENCE. IT MAY BE SAID IN FACT THAT UP TO A VERY RECENT PERIOD, PERSIAN POETRY MEANT TO ENGLISH SCHOLARS, FIRDOUSI, HAFIZ, SAADI, NISAMI, JAMI, AND A FEW OTHERS, AND THAT NOWADAYS, IT MEANS, FIRST AND FOREMOST, OMAR KHAYYAM, AND THAT THE OTHERS ARE ONLY AT BEST HIS PEERS.

THERE IS AN EDITION OF FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION OF THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, WHICH IS KNOWN ONLY TO THE FEW. AS EDIE

OCHILTREE SAYS OF THE MOUND IN
"THE ANTIQUARY," "I MIND THE
BIGGIN' O'T." AT HARRY QUILTER'S
HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE HOUSE THAT
GODWIN BUILT AND THAT WHISTLER
INHABITED, AND OVER WHICH SUCH A
WAR OF EPIGRAM HAS BEEN WAGED,
AT MR. QUILTER'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT
WHERE HALF-A-DOZEN WERE GATHERED
TOGETHER IN THE NAME OF GOOD
FELLOWSHIP, SOMEONE SUGGESTED
THAT IT WOULD BE A PLEASANT
THING TO HAVE A PRIVATELY-PRINTED
EDITION OF OMAR KHAYYAM. MR.
QUILTER, THEN AS NOW GOVERNED
BY AN INDOMITABLE ENERGY, IMME-
DIATELY AND WARMLY TOOK THE
NOTION UP, AND CARRIED IT OUT
WITH ALL SPEED. THE RESULT WAS AN
ENORMOUS QUARTO VOLUME, NATU-
RALLY EXCEEDINGLY SLENDER, AND
PRINTED UPON A CURIOUS COARSE PAPER

FULL OF BLOTS AND BLEMISHES, AND WHICH LOOKED EXCEEDINGLY LIKE TEA PAPER. WHY THIS PARTICULAR PAPER HAD BEEN CHOSEN REMAINED A MYSTERY. BUT IT WAS PRESUMED THAT IT LENT SOME ODD BIBLIOPHILIC CHARM TO THE BOOK. IT CERTAINLY WAS NOT AN ATTRACTIVE BOOK ; IT WAS MUCH TOO BIG, AND PRINT AND PAPER RECALLED THE COMMENTS OF BROWNING'S DEGENERATE DETESTABLE PRIEST, BUT IT HAD TWO ADVANTAGES ; IT GAVE FITZGERALD'S TEXT WITHOUT ANY NOTES, AND IT WAS A LITERARY CURIOSITY. IT IS INDEED A VERY RARE BOOK, AND IF A COPY OF IT EVER GETS INTO THE MARKET, IT GOES AT A HIGH FIGURE. I MYSELF ONCE, AND ONCE ONLY, SAW A COPY EXPOSED FOR SALE IN A BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW. I WENT IN OUT OF CURIOSITY AND FOR OLD ACQUAINTANCE

SAKE AND ASKED THE PRICE, AND FOUND THAT IT WAS A PRETTY STIFF FIGURE. I AM DIVULGING NO SECRET IN TELLING OF THIS MYSTERIOUS EDITION, FOR MR. QUARITCH KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT BY THIS TIME. A COPY CAME INTO HIS HANDS AFTER FITZGERALD'S DEATH AND FIGURED THUS IN A SUBSEQUENT CATALOGUE OF ORIENTAL BOOKS.

“OMAR KHAYYAM, THE RUBAIYAT, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, ROY. 4TO. TITLE PRINTED ON THE COVERS, BDS. 10S. LONDON, JOHN CAMPBELL, JUN. MDCCCLXXXIII. A PIRATED EDITION; THE FIRST LEAF BEARS THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION:—
'TO THE TRANSLATOR, WITH THE PRINTER'S THANKS AND APOLOGIES. HENRY QUILTER.' IT IS WORD FOR WORD AN EXACT REPRINT OF MR. FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION.”

“WORD FOR WORD,” I SHOULD THINK IT WAS ; THAT WAS THE POINT OF THE WHOLE THING ; THE INTENTION WAS WELL MEANING ; THE EXECUTION FELL BELOW THE INTENTION. IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO KNOW WHAT EDWARD FITZGERALD THOUGHT OF IT ; HE OUGHT AT LEAST TO HAVE BEEN FLATTERED BY THE GENUINE ADMIRATION OF WHICH IT WAS THE PROOF. I HAD A COPY, AND FOUND ITS AMPLE MARGINS PASSABLY USEFUL FOR WRITING NOTES OF PARALLEL PASSAGES AND THE LIKE, ALTHOUGH THE PAPER WAS ABOUT AS AGREEABLE TO WRITE UPON AS BLOTTING PAPER, OR THE MYSTERIOUS FABRIC UPON WHICH THE CHEAP EDITIONS OF FRENCH NOVELS ARE MOSTLY PRINTED. A VERY DELIGHTFUL LITTLE AMERICAN EDITION, PRINTED, I THINK, BY HOUGHTON,

MIFFLIN AND CO, IS AN EXACT RE-PRINT OF THE THIRD ENGLISH EDITION, BUT CHARMINGLY PRINTED ON ONE SIDE OF EACH PAGE ONLY, LEAVING THE OTHER BLANK, AND SEEMING TO INVITE SOME ADVENTUROUS CALIGRAPHIST TO INSCRIBE THE PERSIAN TEXT THEREON. THERE ARE, TOO, THE EDITIONS WITH MR. VEDDER'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ONLY OTHER ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF OMAR KNOWN TO ME IS MR. WHINFIELD'S. THIS APPEARED IN ITS FIRST FORM IN MDCCCLXXXII AS A SLENDER VOLUME OF TRUBNER'S "ORIENTAL SERIES," CONTAINING SOME NINETY-ONE PAGES OF VERSE TRANSLATIONS IN THE SAME FORM AS MR. FITZGERALD'S. THIS VERSION RENDERED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THREE QUATRAINS IN A MANNER MORE LITERAL THAN MR. FITZGERALD'S.

THAT THEY SHOULD EVEN APPEAR TO COMPETE WITH HIM BY BEING IN VERSE FORM WAS PERHAPS UNFORTUNATE, ALTHOUGH HAD THEY APPEARED BEFORE MR. FITZGERALD'S MASTER-PIECE, THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN RIGHTLY REGARDED AS RESPECTABLE SPECIMENS OF VERSE RENDERINGS FROM AN OBSCURE AUTHOR. IN THE NEXT YEAR MDCCCLXXXIII, APPEARED A NEW EDITION, IN WHICH THE NUMBER OF QUATRAINS WAS INCREASED TO FIVE HUNDRED, AND THE PERSIAN TEXT PLACED OPPOSITE THE ENGLISH VERSE RENDERING. THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO KHAYYAM LITERATURE EVER MADE, AND WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN MORE VALUABLE THAN IT IS IF MR. WHINFIELD HAD GIVEN A PROSE INSTEAD OF A POETICAL RENDERING OF THE PERSIAN TEXT. THE PERSIAN

TEXT IS BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED ; THE INTRODUCTION AND NOTES ARE GOOD ; IT IS ALTOGETHER A SCHOLARLY, SERVICEABLE PIECE OF WORK THAT MIGHT BE BETTERED BUT REMAINS VERY EXCELLENT. PERHAPS SOME TIME MR. WHINFIELD MAY BE INDUCED TO PUBLISH HIS TEXT WITH A LITERAL PROSE TRANSLATION, AND WIN THE GRATITUDE OF ALL KHAYYAMISTS, AND, FOR THAT MATTER, OF ALL STUDENTS OF PERSIAN SONG.

AMERICA HAS QUITE RECENTLY ADDED ONE TO THE NUMBER OF EXISTING TRANSLATIONS OF KHAYYAM. MR. JOHN LESLIE GARNER OF MILWAUKEE, IN WISCONSIN—A TOWN, BY THE WAY, OF WHICH THE POPULATION IS FIVE-SIXTHS FOREIGN, AND CHIEFLY GERMAN—PUBLISHED SOME TIME LAST YEAR, “THE STROPHES OF OMAR KHAYYAM.” WE NEED NOT PAUSE TO

ASK WHY "STROPHES." MR. GARNER
FOLLOWING MR. WHINFIELD'S LEAD,
HAS VENTURED TO RUN HIS VERSION
INTO VERSE: HERE IS A SPECIMEN
QUATRAIN:—

KHAYYAM, YOUR BODY IS A TENT, YOUR
SOUL
A SULTAN DESTINED TO AN UNKNOWN GOAL.
THE DREAD FERRASH OF DOOM DESTROYS
THE TENT
THE MOMENT WHEN THE SULTAN'S SUMMONS
TOLL.

THIS IS VERY FAIR OF ITS KIND,
YET IT HAS ONLY TO BE COMPARED
WITH FITZGERALD'S TO SHOW THE
RASHNESS OF ATTEMPTING TO RENDER
OMAR IN VERSE AFTER THE MASTER.
HERE IS FITZGERALD'S:—

'TIS BUT A TENT WHERE TAKES HIS ONE
DAY'S REST
A SULTÁN TO THE REALMS OF DEATH
ADDRESST,
THE SULTÁN RISES, AND THE DARK FERRÁSH

STRIKES, AND PREPARES IT FOR ANOTHER
GUEST.

NOTHING MORE NEED BE SAID.

MR. ANDREW LANG IN THOSE
“LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS,” WHICH
ARE AT ONCE THE DELIGHT AND THE
DESPAIR OF AMBITIOUS YOUTH HAS
ADDRESSED SOME VERSES TO OMAR
KHAYYAM WHICH HAVE CAUGHT WITH
EXQUISITE FELICITY THE MUSIC OF
FITZGERALD’S FORM.

WISE OMAR, DO THE SOUTHERN BREEZES
FLING
ABOVE YOUR GRAVE AT ENDING OF THE
SPRING,
THE SNOWDRIFT OF THE PETALS OF THE
ROSE
THE WILD WHITE ROSES YOU WERE WONT
TO SING.

THIS IS THE VERY PERFECTION OF
THE ART OF WRITING RUBAIYAT IN
THE FITZGERALD MANNER—AND IF
ANYONE THINK THAT AN ART EASY

OF ACQUIREMENT OR OF ACCOMPLISHMENT, HE HAS ONLY GOT TO TAKE UNTO HIMSELF PEN AND PAPER, AND TO TRY ASSIDUOUSLY AND SEE WHAT HE MAKES OF IT. MR. LANG ADOPTS—WITH ONE EXCEPTION, IN THE CASE OF HIS LAST TWO QUATRAINS BUT FOUR—THE SWINBURNIAN AMPLIFICATION, WHICH RHYMES THE THIRD LINE OF ONE RUBAIYAT WITH THE NEXT, AND SO BINDS THE POEM TOGETHER WITH A COMPLETENESS WHICH WOULD SCARCELY BE POSSIBLE IN ANY RENDERING OF THE DISCONNECTED PEARLS OF OMAR'S CHAPLET. I CANNOT HELP QUESTIONING, HOWEVER, THE CONCLUSION TO WHICH MR. LANG ARRIVES IN HIS LAST VERSE.

SERENE HE DWELT IN FRAGRANT NAISHAPUR,
BUT WE MUST WANDER WHILE THE STARS
ENDURE,

HE KNEW THE SECRET : WE HAVE NONE
THAT KNOWS,
NO MAN SO SURE AS OMAR ONCE WAS SURE.

I CANNOT FIND IT IN MY HEART
TO THINK THAT OMAR WAS SURE OF
ANYTHING EXCEPT PERHAPS THE
MOTIONS OF THE STARS, AND THE IN-
EXORABLE LAWS OF ALGEBRA. INDEED,
I THINK THE "SINGER OF THE RED
WINE AND THE ROSE" WAS A GOOD
DEAL TROUBLED IN HIS MIND ABOUT
MANY THINGS.

THE ONLY INFORMATION WHICH
D'HERBELOT GIVES UPON KHAY-
YAM CONTAINS THE LOVELY LEGEND
WHICH IS LINKED WITH HIS NAME,
BUT GIVES NO HINT OF RECOGNITION
OF HIS FAME AS AN ASTRONOMER, A
MATHEMATICIAN, OR A POET. HERE
IS THE ENTRY :

"KHIAM. NAME OF A MUSSULMAN
PHILOSOPHER WHO LIVED IN THE

ODOUR OF SANCTITY IN HIS RELIGION,
TOWARDS THE END OF THE FIRST AND
THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND CEN-
TURY OF THE HEGIRA.

“IN THE YEAR CV OR CVI OF THE
HEGIRA THIS PHILOSOPHER, BEING IN THE
COMPANY OF CERTAIN OF HIS FRIENDS,
SAID, ‘MAN, MY SEPULCHRE OUGHT TO
BE IN SOME SPOT WHERE THE SPRING
MAY COVER IT WITH BLOSSOMS EVERY
YEAR.’ ONE OF THOSE WHO WAS
PRESENT, AND WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF
THE BOOK CALLED ‘MAG’MA ALNAUADIR,’
WHO CHRONICLES THIS EVENT, SAID
THEREUPON UNTO HIMSELF, ‘IS IT
POSSIBLE THAT A MAN SO WISE SHOULD
UTTER WORDS SO CONTRARY TO THOSE
OF GOD WHO LAYS IT DOWN IN THE
KORAN, “NO MAN KNOWS IN WHAT
SPOT HE SHALL DIE?”’

“MANY YEARS AFTER, THIS SAME IN-
DIVIDUAL BEING ON A JOURNEY TO

NISCHABOUR IN KHORASSAN, TO VISIT THIS PERSONAGE, WHO HAD DIED IN THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY, FOUND THAT HIS SEPULCHRE WAS AT THE FOOT OF THE WALL OF A GARDEN WHERE THE TREES, LOADED WITH FLOWERS AND NETTED ONE WITHIN THE OTHER, SO COMPLETELY COVERED IT, THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE IT; AND THIS BROUGHT BACK TO HIS MEMORY WHAT HE HAD HEARD SPOKEN FORMERLY."

THIS IS ALL THAT D'HERBELOT HAD TO SAY, OR AT LEAST SAYS, ABOUT OUR OMAR. THE LEGEND IS LOVELY, BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH.

OUR OMAR WAS BORN NEAR NAI-SHAPUR IN KHORASSAN, EARLY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN CALENDAR. IT IS SAID THAT HE TOOK HIS SURNAME OF KHAYYAM, THE TENT-MAKER, WHICH WAS INDEED HIS FATHER'S TRADE, FROM A SPIRIT OF

MODESTY STRANGELY UNLIKE THAT WHICH ALLOWED FERDUSI TO CALL HIMSELF THE "HEAVENLY," AND SAADI THE "HAPPY." IN THE FAMOUS COLLEGE OF NAISHAPUR, OMAR CAME TO FINISH HIS EDUCATION ; IN THE COLLEGE OF NAISHAPUR, HE MADE TWO FRIENDSHIPS WITH TWO VERY FAMOUS MEN. BETWEEN OMAR KHAYYAM, ABDUL KHASSEM, AND HASSAN-SEBBAH, THERE WAS THE CLOSEST FRIENDSHIP ; THE MUSKETEERS OF DUMAS'S PROSE EPIC WERE NOT MORE FONDLY ATTACHED. THEY SWORE TOGETHER ONCE IN PAST PROOF OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP, AT THE SUGGESTION, IT IS SAID, OF OMAR, THAT WHICHEVER OF THEM WAS FIRST AND BEST BLESSED BY FORTUNE, SHOULD COME TO THE AID OF HIS LESS FORTUNATE COMRADES, AND CROWN THEM WITH BENEFITS. IT WAS DEEPLY SWORN, AND THE WINNER KEPT HIS

WORD. WHEN THE YOUTHFUL COLLEGE DAYS WERE PAST, AND FATE, AS RICHTER SAYS OF HIS HERO BROTHERS, HAD TAKEN THEIR BLEEDING HEARTS, AND FLUNG THEM DIFFERENT WAYS, ABDUL KHASSEM ROSE TO GREAT DISTINCTION AT THE COURT OF ALP ARSLAN, THE SECOND KING OF THE SELDJOUKIDES DYNASTY, BECAME AT LAST WHAT WE SHOULD CALL PRIME MINISTER, AND RECEIVED FROM HIS FLATTERED LORD THE TITLE OF NIZAM EL MOULK, WHICH BEING INTERPRETED SIGNIFIES RULER OF THE EMPIRE. TO NIZAM EL MOULK ON THE TOP OF FORTUNE CAME THE TWO FRIENDS OF THE TRILATERAL PACT, AND CALLED UPON HIS RECOGNITION OF THE COLLEGIATE OATH.

IT IS PLEASANT TO BE ABLE TO RECORD THAT NIZAM EL MOULK SEEMS ONLY TO HAVE BEEN PLEASED AT THE

POSSIBILITY OF FULFILLING HIS WORD. HE ASKED EACH IN TURN WHAT WAS HIS HEART'S DESIRE. OMAR WAS A POET, A PHILOSOPHER, A MYSTIC, AND A STUDENT OF THE STARS. "GIVE ME," HE SAID, "THE REVENUES OF THE VILLAGE WHERE I WAS BORN. I AM A DERVISH; I AM AMBITIONLESS; BENEATH MY FATHER'S ROOF I CAN PLEASE MYSELF WITH POETRY AND THE STUDY OF THE SUPREME." HAS-SAN SEBBAH, MORE WORLDLY, ASKED FOR A PLACE AT COURT. THE WISH OF EACH WAS ANSWERED TO THE FULL. OMAR WENT TO HIS VILLAGE, STUDIED THE STARS, WROTE VERSES AND ALGEBRA — AMAZING COMBINATION — AND TOOK A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE, IT IS SAID, IN SITTING ON HIS TERRACE IN THE MOONLIGHT AND DRINKING MUCH WINE IN THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS, LUTE-PLAYERS AND DANCING-

GIRLS, TO THE CONSIDERABLE DIS-
PLEASURE OF THE PHILISTINES OF HIS
DAY. HASSAN SEBBAH'S CAREER WAS
WILDER AND DARKER. ONCE IN COURT,
HE BEGAN TO PLOT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT
AGAINST HIS FRIEND AND PATRON
NIZAM EL MOULK ; DISCOMFITED AND
DISGRACED, HE FLED TO THE MOUN-
TAINS, SHARKED UP A LIST OF LAWLESS
RESOLUTES, AND BECAME FAMOUS OR
INFAMOUS TO ALL TIME AS THE OLD
MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, THE FOUNDER
OF THE ASSASSINS. BY THE HANDS OF
ONE OF THESE ASSASSINS HASSAN
SEBBAH AVENGED HIMSELF ON HIS
OLD FRIEND AND LATE ENEMY. NIZAM
EL MOULK WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS
BED ONE MORNING, STABBED BY THE
DAGGER OF ONE OF THE MAD SLAVES
OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.
IT IS CURIOUS TO THINK OF OUR
SWEET AND CYNICAL KHAYYAM AS THE

COMRADE AND FRIEND OF THE GRIM-
MEST AND MOST MURDEROUS FANATIC
IN THE RANGE OF HISTORY.

HAFIZ WAS IN MANY WAYS DIS-
TINCTLY A FOLLOWER OF OMAR KHAY-
YAM. THERE ARE PASSAGES IN THE
GHAZELS OF HAFIZ WHICH RESEMBLE
CERTAIN RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM
TOO CLOSELY FOR MERE CHANCE SIMI-
LARITY. THUS THIS VERSE :—“ONE
MORNING AN UNSEEN VOICE IN
FRIENDLY TONE CALLS TO ME FROM
THE WINE-HOUSE ‘COME BACK THOU
WHO HAST SO LONG SERVED AT THE
THRESHOLD,’ ” IS EXCEEDINGLY KHAY-
YAMESQUE. AGAIN, “THE CHANT OF
THE BIRD IS HEARD ONCE MORE, BUT
WHERE IS THE WINE-FLASK ? THE
NIGHTINGALE IS LAMENTING, WHO
WILL WITHDRAW THE VEIL FROM THE
ROSE ? ” AND AGAIN :—“I WILL CAST
INTO THE FIRE MY RAGS, STAINED

LIKE THE ROSE WITH WINE.” AND THIS, ESPECIALLY :—“ A TWAIN OF CLEVER FRIENDS, A FLAGON OF OLD WINE, QUIET, AND A BOOK AND A CORNER OF THE LAWN ; I WOULD NOT EXCHANGE THIS CONDITION EITHER FOR THIS WORLD OR THAT WHICH IS TO COME.” AND ONCE AGAIN :—“ TOMORROW OUR DRAUGHT MAY BE FROM THE RIVER OF PARADISE AND AMIDST THE HOURIS : BUT TO-DAY ENJOY THE RADIANT LOOKS OF THE CUP-BEARER AND A GOBLET OF WINE.” AND YET AGAIN :—“ HAFIZ, LEAVE THOU THE ‘ HOW AND THE WHEREFORE,’ AND DRINK FOR THE MOMENT THY WINE. HIS WISDOM HATH WITHHOLDEN FROM US WHAT IS THE FORCE OF THE WORDS, ‘ HOW AND WHEREFORE.’ ” ONCE MORE :—“ IN THIS WORLD OF CLAY THERE IS NO REAL MAN ! WE MUST MAKE A NEW WORLD AND

CREATE A NEW ADAM." ALL THESE PARALLELS WERE NOTED BY ME LONG SINCE FROM THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE VOLUME OF TRANSLATIONS FROM HAFIZ BY THE LATE S. ROBINSON, LONG, ALAS, OUT OF PRINT AND HARD TO FIND, AND MIGHT NO DOUBT EASILY BE MULTIPLIED.

FAREWELL, DEAR OLD KHAYYAM. YOU HAVE BEEN MY COMPANION IN MANY LANDS, BY TIBER, AND NILUS, AND DRY ILISSUS. I HAVE LIVED WITH YOU AND LOVED YOU AND LEARNED YOUR LESSONS, AND NOW THIS HUMBLE DISCIPLE FROM THE FROZEN NORTH LAYS HIS POOR TRIBUTE ON THE MASTER'S TOMB. KEATS ONCE ENTREATED SOME TRAVELLER WHO WAS GOING TO THE EAST, TO TAKE A COPY OF "ENDYMION" WITH HIM, AND WHEN HE CAME TO THE GREAT SAHARA, TO CAST THE VOLUME

FROM HIM WITH ALL HIS FORCE FAR
AWAY INTO THE YELLOW WAVES OF
SAND. IT WAS A DELICIOUS FANTASTIC
WISH, THAT THE LOVELIEST POEM OF
OUR LATER ENGLISH SPEECH SHOULD
LIE AND DRIFT IN THE REMOTE SA-
HARA, AND BE COVERED AT LAST IN
THE SAND THAT HAS ENGULFED SO
MANY PRECIOUS THINGS, BUT NONE
MORE PRECIOUS, CARAVANS, AND GOLD,
AND TISSUES, AND FAIR SLAVES, AND
THE CHIEFS OF MIGHTY CLANS. IF I
MIGHT FRAME A WISH IN DISTANT
EMULATION, I WOULD CHOOSE THAT
SOME WANDERER TO THE EAST, SOME
BURTON, SOME KINGLAKE, SOME
WARBURTON, MIGHT CARRY THIS LITTLE
BOOK IN HIS SADDLE-BAGS, AND RIDE
THROUGH KHORASSAN TILL HE CAME
TO NAISHAPUR, AND CAST IT DOWN IN
THE DUST BEFORE THE TOMB OF OMAR
KHAYYAM.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

OMAR, DEAR SULTAN OF THE PERSIAN
SONG,
FAMILIAR FRIEND WHOM I HAVE LOVED
SO LONG,
WHOSE VOLUME MADE MY PLEASANT
HIDING-PLACE
FROM THIS FANTASTIC WORLD OF
RIGHT AND WRONG.

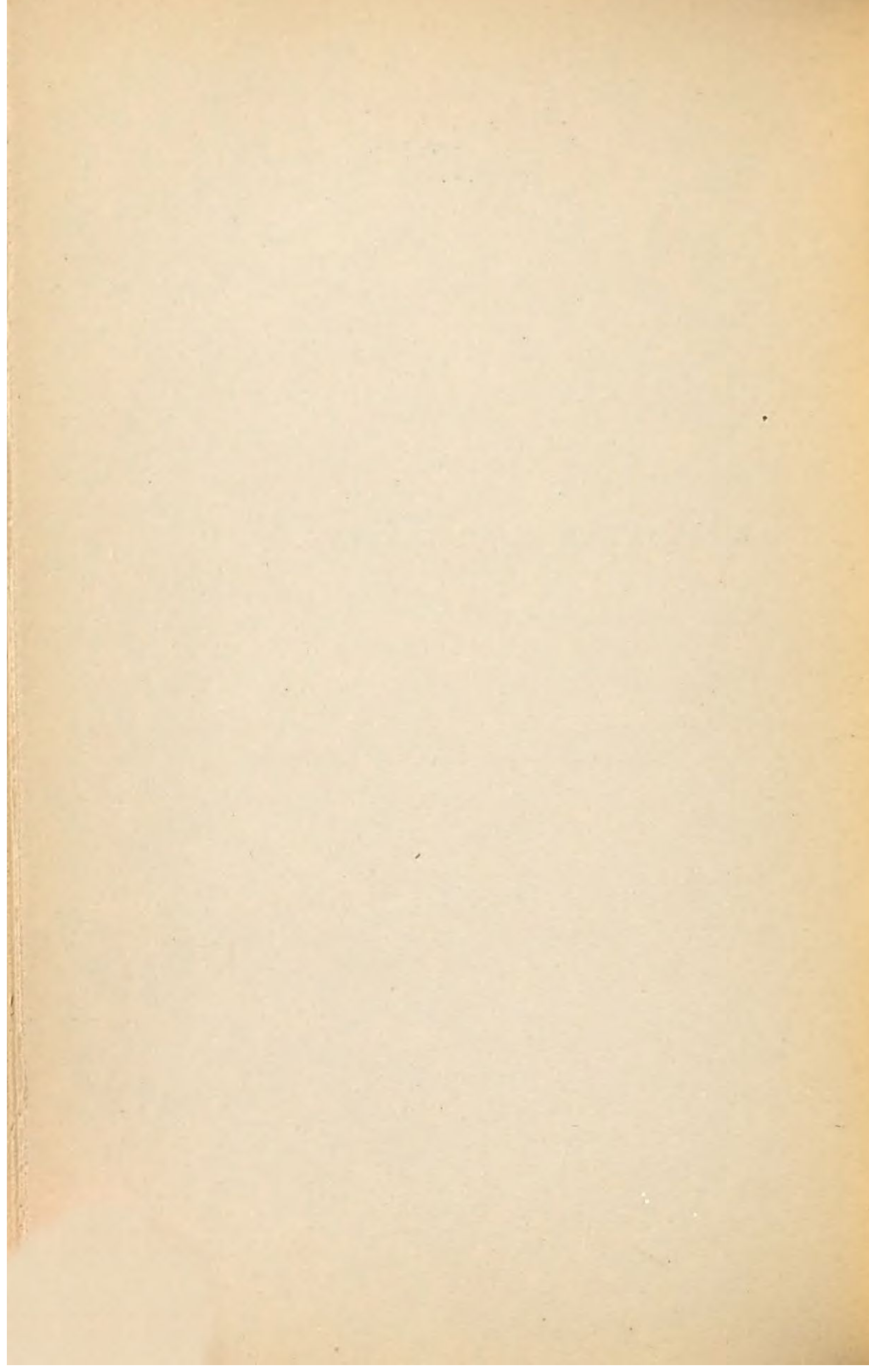
MY YOUTH LIES BURIED IN THY
VERSES : LO,
I READ, AND AS THE HAUNTED NUM-
BERS FLOW,
MY MEMORY TURNS IN ANGUISH TO
THE FACE
THAT LEANED O'ER OMAR'S PAGES
LONG AGO.

ALAS FOR ME, ALAS FOR ALL WHO
WEEP

AND WONDER AT THE SILENCE DARK
AND DEEP
THAT GIRDLES ROUND THIS LITTLE
LAMP IN SPACE
NO WISER THAN WHEN OMAR FELL
ASLEEP.

REST IN THY GRAVE BENEATH THE
CRIMSON RAIN
OF HEART-DESIRED ROSES. LIFE IS
VAIN,
AND VAIN THE TREMBLING LEGENDS
WE MAY TRACE
UPON THE OPEN BOOK THAT SHUTS
AGAIN.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.





THE RUBAIYAT OF
OMAR KHAYYAM.

SINCE IT IS THE FATE OF MAN UPON
THIS HATEFUL EARTH TO FEED ON
SORROW AND TO VEX HIS SOUL, HE
MUST BE ACCOUNTED HAPPY WHO DE-
PARTS SWIFTLY FROM THE WORLD, BUT
HE MOST HAPPY WHO NEVER COMES
INTO THE WORLD.

THE SECRET OF ETERNITY IS FAR
FROM THEE AND ME; THE WORD OF
THE ENIGMA IS UNKNOWN TO THEE
AND ME; BEHIND THE VEIL IS SPEECH
OF THEE AND ME; BUT IF THE VEIL BE
RENT, WHAT HAPS TO THEE AND ME?

B

II

WITHOUT CLEAR WINE I CANNOT LIVE ; WITHOUT THE WINE-CUP I CANNOT LIFT THE LOAD OF LIFE ; I AM THE SLAVE OF THAT FAIR HOUR WHEN THE CUP-BEARER BIDS ME DRAIN YET ANOTHER CUP AND I CANNOT.

THE ROSE SAID, "I AM THE YUSUF FLOWER, FOR MY MOUTH IS FULL OF GOLD AND JEWELS." I SAID, "IF THOU ART THE YUSUF FLOWER, SHOW ME A CERTAIN SIGN THEREOF." AND SHE MADE ANSWER, "PERCHANCE THAT I AM GARBED IN A BLOOD-DRENCHED GARMENT."

LONG TIME I SOUGHT IN THIS SHIFTING WORLD FOR A MOMENT'S HALTING-PLACE. I SPENT IN MY ENDEAVOURS ALL MY WIT, AND LO ! I LEARN THAT THE MOON IS BUT A PALLID WHEEL BESIDE THY BEAUTY, THAT THE CYPRESS, BY THY SLENDER FORM, SEEMS A GROTESQUE DEFORMITY.

III

YEA, DRINK WINE, FOR BY HIM WHO IS FAR-SEEING AS I AM, IT WILL BE FOUND THAT IN THE EYES OF THE DEITY THE ACT IS OF SMALL ACCOUNT. GOD FROM ALL TIME HAS FORESEEN THAT I SHOULD DRINK WINE. IF I DRANK NOT, THIS FORE-KNOWLEDGE WOULD BECOME IGNORANCE, OR I SHOULD NOT FULFIL HIS FORE-KNOWLEDGE.

RISE AND COME HITHER, AND FOR MINE HEART'S EASE SOLVE AT LEAST ONE PROBLEM: BRING SWIFTLY HERE A FLASK OF ANCIENT WINE, THAT WE MAY DRINK OUR FILL BEFORE FOLK MAKE FLAGONS OF OUR CLAY.

WHEN I AM DEAD, WASH ME WITH VINTAGE JUICE; INSTEAD OF PRAYERS RECITE OVER MY TOMB HYMNALS OF WINE AND FLAGONS, AND IF YOU SEEK ME AT THE LATTER DAY, LOOK FOR ME IN THE DUST UPON THE TAVERN THRESHOLD.

IV

SINCE NO MAN DARES PLAY PROPHET
FOR TO-MORROW, HASTEN TO LIFT THY
HEAVY LADEN HEART. DRAIN, O DE-
LIGHTFUL MOON, A CRIMSON CUP, FOR
HEAVEN'S MOON WILL TURN A WEARY
WHILE AND FAIL TO FIND US.

LET THE LUCKY LOVER BE DRUNK
FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END,
DRENCHED IN WINE AND GARBED IN
SHAME ; FOR WHEN WE ARE WISE AND
WIDE-AWAKE SORROW ASSAULTS US
FROM ALL QUARTERS, BUT NO SOONER
ARE WE DRUNK THAN WE LAUGH AT
FORTUNE.

IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHY DOES THE
PHILOSOPHER SET HIS HEART UPON
THE TROPHIES OF THIS HOUSE OF
MANY SORROWS ? LET HIM WHO CALLS
ME DRUNKARD CLEAR HIS EYES AND
TELL ME IF HE SEES ON HIGH EVEN
THE SIGN OF A TAVERN.

V

EVERY MORN I SAY, THIS SHALL
BE THE NIGHT OF REPENTANCE, REPENT-
ANCE FROM THE FLAGON, AND FROM
THE BOWL BRIMMING OVER, REPENT-
ANCE. YET NOW THAT THE SEASON
OF ROSES HAS COME SET ME FREE IN
THE TIME OF THE ROSE FROM RE-
PENTANCE, O LORD OF REPENTANCE!

SPEAK SOOTH, THOU LITTLE WHEEL,
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO THEE, THAT
THUS, BEATEN AND PERSECUTED, I
SHOULD BE DRIVEN BY THEE TO BEG
MY BREAD FROM TOWN TO TOWN AND
FIND MY DRAUGHT IN THE FLOWING
STREAM?

I PASSED BY WHERE A POTTER
KNEADED EARTH AND I BEHELD WHAT
HE DID NOT BEHOLD, THAT IT WAS
MY FATHER'S DUST WHICH LAY IN THE
PALM OF THAT POTTER.

VI

MAN IS LIKE UNTO A FLAGON AND
HIS SOUL IS THE WINE THEREIN : HIS
MOULD IS LIKE UNTO A REED, AND
HIS SOUL IS THE SOUND THEREIN. WHAT
IS EARTHLY MAN, O KHAYYAM, BUT A
PAPER LANTERN OF FANCY AND A
LAMP THEREIN.

SINCE LIFE SELDOM ANSWERS TO
OUR HEART'S DESIRE, OF WHAT AVAIL
ARE ALL OUR HOPES AND ALL OUR
STRIVINGS? OUR SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
VEXED, ALWAYS ARE WE SAYING IN
SIGHING, "TOO LATE WE CAME, TOO
SOON WE MUST DEPART."

SINCE THE HEAVENLY WHEEL AND
FATE HAVE NEVER BEEN YOUR FRIENDS,
WHY SHOULD YOU RECK WHETHER THE
HEAVENS BE SEVEN OR EIGHT? THERE
ARE, I SAY AGAIN, TWO DAYS FOR
WHICH I TAKE NO THOUGHT, THE
DAY WHICH HAS NOT COME, AND THE
DAY WHICH HAS GONE FOR EVER.

VII

O KHAYYAM, WHY SO MUCH MOURNING FOR YOUR SIN? WHAT CONSOLATION CAN YOU FIND IN THUS PLAGUING YOURSELF? HE WHO HAS NEVER SINNED CAN NEVER TASTE THE SWEET OF FORGIVENESS. MERCY WAS MADE FOR THE SAKE OF SIN, THEREFORE, WHY ARE YOU AFRAID?

NO ONE HAS EVER PASSED BEHIND THE VEIL THAT MASKS THE SECRETS OF GOD. NO ONE SHALL EVER PASS BEHIND IT; THERE IS NO OTHER DWELLING-PLACE FOR US THAN THE BOSOM OF THE EARTH. WOE'S ME THAT THIS SECRET, TOO, SHOULD BE SO SHORT.

I MYSELF WILL POUR WINE INTO A CUP WHICH CONTAINETH A FULL MEASURE. TWO CUPS THEREOF WILL CONTENT ME, BUT I WILL IMMEDIATELY THREE TIMES DIVORCE FROM ME RELIGION AND REASON, AND WED THE DAUGHTER OF THE VINE.

VIII

OH, MY BELOVED, FULL OF GRACES
AND WITCHERIES, SEAT THYSELF; AND
THUS, QUENCHING THE FLAMES OF A
THOUSAND DESIRES RISE NOT UP AGAIN.
THOU FORBIDDEST ME TO GAZE UPON
THEE, BUT THOU MIGHT AS WELL COM-
MAND ME TO TURN DOWN THE CUP,
WITHOUT SPILLING THE CONTENTS
THEREOF.

SEEK THE COMPANY OF MEN OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS AND UNDERSTANDING,
AND FLY A THOUSAND LEAGUES
FROM A MAN WITHOUT WIT. IF A
WISE MAN GIVETH THEE POISON, FEAR
NOT TO DRINK THEREOF, BUT IF A
FOOL OFFERETH THEE AN ANTIDOTE,
POUR IT OUT UPON THE EARTH.

MY WELL BELOVED, MAY HER DAYS
BE LONG AS MY SORROWS, IS KIND
TO ME AGAIN. SHE CAST UPON ME A
SWEET AND FLEETING GLANCE, AND
STRAIGHTWAY VANISHED, SAYING, NO
DOUBT, "LET ME DO GOOD AND CAST
IT ON THE WATER."

IX

THE KORAN, WHICH MEN CALL THE HOLY WORD, IS NONE THE LESS READ ONLY FROM TIME TO TIME, AND NOT WITH STEADFAST STUDY, WHILE ON THE LIP OF THE CUP THERE RUNS A LUMINOUS VERSE WHICH WE LOVE TO READ ALWAYS AND EVER.

YOU WHO DRINK NO WINE, BLAME NOT THE BIBBERS, FOR I WOULD LIEFER RENOUNCE HEAVEN THAN RENOUNCE THE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. YOU PLUME YOURSELF UPON YOUR TEMPERANCE, BUT THIS FALSE GLORY SITS VILELY ON ONE WHO COMMITS DEEDS A THOUSAND TIMES MORE VILE THAN HONEST DRUNKENNESS.

ALTHOUGH MY BODY MAY BE COMELY, ALTHOUGH ITS ODOUR MAY BE SUAVE, ALTHOUGH MY COLOUR MAY MOCK THE TULIP, AND MY FIGURE SHAME THE CYPRESS, IT IS NOT CLEAR TO ME, NEVERTHELESS, WHY MY HEAVENLY PAINTER HAS DEIGNED TO LIMN ME ON THIS WORLD.

X

I WISH TO DRINK SO DEEP, SO DEEP
OF WINE THAT ITS FRAGRANCE MAY
HANG ABOUT THE SOIL WHERE I SHALL
SLEEP, AND THAT REVELLERS, STILL
DIZZY FROM LAST NIGHT'S WASSAIL,
SHALL, ON VISITING MY TOMB, FROM
ITS VERY PERFUME FALL DEAD DRUNK.

IN THE KINGDOM OF HOPE WIN ALL
THE HEARTS YOU CAN, IN THE KING-
DOM OF THE PRESENCE, BIND TO THY-
SELF A PERFECT SOUL, FOR, BE SURE,
A HUNDRED KAABAS, BLENT OF EARTH
AND WATER, ARE NOT WORTH A
SINGLE HEART. GIVE THEN THY
KAABA THE GO-BY, AND SEEK A HEART
INSTEAD.

OH, WHEEL OF FATE, DESTRUCTION
FALLS FROM THY UNCONQUERABLE
HATE. TYRANNY HAS BEEN THY PUR-
POSE AND THY PLEASURE FROM THE
BEGINNING OF THINGS. AND THOU
TOO, O EARTH, IF WE BUT DIGGED
INTO THY BREAST, WHAT TREASURES
SHOULD WE NOT FIND THEREIN !

XI

WHEN OUR BLOOD BEATS QUICKEST
WITH JOY OF THE GREEN EARTH, WHEN
THE STEEDS OF THE SUN SWEEP OVER
THE GREEN EARTH, I LOVE TO WANDER
WITH LOVELY GIRLS UPON THE
GREEN EARTH, MAKING MERRY TO-
GETHER BEFORE WE ARE ALL TURNED
TO GREEN EARTH.

EVERY DAY WHEN DAWN APPEARS,
I WILL HASTEN TO THE TAVERN
WITH THE CHEATING KALENDARS.
THEN, THOU THAT ART LORD OF THE
DEEPEST SECRETS OF MAN'S HEART,
GIVE ME FAITH, IF THOU WoulDEST
THAT I PUT FAITH IN PRAYER.

NEVER, ALAS, DO WE DRINK WITH
DELIGHT ONE DROP OF CLEAR WATER
WITHOUT AT THE SAME TIME DRAIN-
ING THE BOWL OF BITTER WINE FROM
THE HAND OF SORROW. NEVER DO
WE SHARPEN THE SAVOUR OF BREAD
WITH THE SAVOUR OF SALT WITHOUT
FEEDING UPON OUR OWN HEARTS.

XII

TAKE A GRIP OF THE KORAN
WITH ONE HAND; HAVE A CLUTCH AT
THE CUP WITH THE OTHER, AND
TREMBLE BETWEEN THE LAWFUL AND
THE UNLAWFUL. SO SHALL WE SIT
BENEATH THE VAULTED SKY NEITHER
WHOLLY BELIEVERS NOR WHOLLY IN-
FIDEL.

WE SHOULD KEEP ALL OUR SECRETS
FROM THE INDISCREET, FROM THE
VERY NIGHTINGALE WE SHOULD HIDE
THEM. THINK THEN, O HEAVEN, UPON
THE HARM YOU WREAK UPON POOR
HUMAN HEARTS IN FORCING THEM
THUS TO HIDE FROM EACH OTHER'S
EYES.

O CUP-BEARER, SINCE TIME LURKS
HARD BY READY TO SHATTER YOU AND
ME, THIS WORLD CAN NEVER BE AN
ABIDING DWELLING FOR YOU AND ME.
BUT COME WHAT MAY, ASSURE YOUR-
SELF THAT GOD IS IN OUR HANDS
WHILE THIS CUP OF WINE STANDS
BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

XIII

WITH CUP IN HAND I LINGERED
LONG AMONG THE FLOWERS, AND YET
NOT ONE OF ALL MY WISHES HAS
BEEN REALIZED IN THIS WORLD. BUT
ALTHOUGH WINE HAS NOT LED ME TO
THE GOAL OF MY DESIRES, I WILL NOT
GO FROM THAT WAY, FOR WHEN MAN
FOLLOWS A ROAD HE TURNS NOT
BACK AGAIN.

PLACE THE WINE-CUP IN MY HAND,
FOR MY HEART IS ALL AFIRE AND
LIFE SLIPS FROM US SWIFT AS QUICK-
SILVER. ARISE, MY BELOVED, FOR THE
FAVOUR OF FORTUNE IS BUT A CHEAT-
ING DREAM, ARISE, FOR THE FLAME
OF YOUTH GUSHES LIKE THE WATER
OF THE TORRENT.

WE ARE THE SERVANTS OF LOVE;
THE DEVOUT ARE OTHERWISE. WE
ARE POOR ANTS, AND SOLOMON IS
OTHERWISE. ASK OF US A VISAGE
WAN WITH LOVE, AND TATTERED
GARMENTS FOR THE WAY OF THE
WORLD IS OTHERWISE.

XIV

ASCRIBE NOT TO THE WHEEL OF HEAVEN THE WOE AND WEAL WHICH ARE THE PORTION OF MAN, THE THOUSAND JOYS AND THOUSAND SORROWS WHICH FATE AWARDS US, FOR THIS WHEEL, MY FRIEND, REVOLVES MORE HELPLESS THAN THYSELF ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF THE HEAVENLY LOVE.

I HAVE FLOWN LIKE A SPARROW-HAWK FORTH FROM THIS WORLD OF MYSTERIES, IN THE HOPE OF REACHING A HIGHER SPHERE. BUT, FALLEN AGAIN TO THE EARTH, AND FINDING NONE WORTHY OF SHARING THE HIDDEN THOUGHTS OF MY HEART, I HAVE GONE FORTH AGAIN BY THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH I CAME.

WE ARE LOST IN LOVE TO-DAY, IN THE HOLY SHRINE WE PAY HOMAGE TO WINE TO-DAY, SUNDERED FROM OUR VERY BEING WE SHALL TOUCH THE THRESHOLD OF THE ETERNAL THRONE TO-DAY.

XV

THE DAY WHEN I HOLD IN MY HAND A CUP OF WINE, AND WHEN IN THE JOY OF MY HEART I DRINK MYSELF DRUNK, THEN IN THAT HAPPY STATE A HUNDRED MIRACLES BECOME CLEAR TO ME, AND WORDS AS LIMPID AS WATER EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY OF THINGS.

SINCE EVERY DAY IS BUT TWO HALTING PLACES, HASTEN TO DRINK THY FILL OF WINE; FOR BE SURE OF THIS, THOU WILL NEVER REGAIN THY LOST HOURS, AND SINCE THOU KNOWEST THAT THIS WORLD DRIVES SWIFTLY TO ITS TOTAL RUIN, IMITATE IT THYSELF, AND DAY AND NIGHT SEEK THE SWEET ANNIHILATION OF WINE.

BEHOLD THE DAWN ARISE, O FOUNTAIN OF DELIGHTS. DRINK YOUR WINE AND TOUCH YOUR LUTE FOR THE LIFE OF THOSE WHO SLEEP WILL BE BUT BRIEF; AND OF THOSE WHO HAVE GONE HENCE, NOT ONE WILL E'ER RETURN.

XVI

YEA, IT IS I, WHO, IN THIS RUINED TAVERN, SURROUNDED BY DRINKERS AND DANCERS, HAVE STAKED, FOR THEIR SAKES, ALL MY BELONGINGS, SOUL AND HEART, AND WORLDLY GEAR, DOWN TO MY VERY DRINKING CUP. THUS I SET MYSELF FREE FROM HOPE OF HEAVEN AND FROM FEAR OF HELL. THUS I AM ABOVE THE ELEMENTS, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, AND WATER.

ONLY A BREATH DIVIDES FAITH AND UNFAITH, ONLY A BREATH DIVIDES BELIEF FROM DOUBT. LET US THEN MAKE MERRY WHILE WE STILL DRAW BREATH, FOR ONLY A BREATH DIVIDES LIFE FROM DEATH.

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON HAS SEVERED THE BLACK ROBE OF THE NIGHT. DRINK WINE, THEREFORE, FOR THOU WILT NEVER FIND A MOMENT SO PRECIOUS. YES, GIVE THYSELF UP TO JOY, FOR THIS SAME MOON WILL ILLUMINE LONG AFTER US THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

XVII

THE CLOUDS ARE SPREAD FORTH
AGAIN OVER THE FACES OF THE ROSES,
AND COVER THEM AS WITH A VEIL.
THE DESIRE OF DRINK IS STILL UN-
QUENCHED WITHIN MY HEART. SEEK
NOT YET THY COUCH, FOR THE TIME
HAS NOT COME. OH, BELOVED OF
MY SOUL, DRINK WINE, DRINK, FOR
THE SUN HAS NOT YET VANISHED
BENEATH THE HORIZON.

O THOU WHO KNOWEST MAN'S MOST
HIDDEN THOUGHTS, THOU WHO UP-
HOLDEST THE HALT WITH THY HANDS,
GIVE ME STRENGTH TO RENOUNCE,
AND HEED MY PLEADING, O THOU
WHO ART THE STRENGTH OF ALL MEN,
HEED MY PLEADING.

I SAW UPON THE WALLS OF THOUS
A BIRD PERCHED IN FRONT OF THE
SKULL OF KAI KHOSROU. THE BIRD
SAID UNTO THE SKULL, "ALAS, WHAT
HAS BECOME OF THE CLASH OF THE
GEAR OF THY GLORY AND THE BRUIT
OF THY TRUMPETS?"

XVIII

MY RUN OF LIFE SLIPS BY IN A FEW DAYS. IT HAS PASSED ME BY LIKE THE WIND OF THE DESERT. THEREFORE, SO LONG AS ONE BREATH OF LIFE IS LEFT TO ME, THERE ARE TWO DAYS WITH WHICH I SHALL NEVER VEX MY SPIRIT, THE DAY THAT HAS NOT YET COME, AND THE DAY THAT HAS GONE BY.

THIS CAPTAIN RUBY COMES FROM AN UNKNOWN MINE. THIS PERFECT GEM IS STAMPED WITH AN UNKNOWN SEAL. ALL OUR CONCLUSIONS ON THE QUESTION ARE VAIN, FOR THE RIDDLE OF PERFECT LOVE IS WRITTEN IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.

SINCE THE DAY BRINGS WITH IT A CONSCIOUSNESS OF YOUTH, I MEAN TO WILE IT AWAY WITH WINE EVEN TO MY HEART'S DELIGHT. DO NOT BLASPHEME, ON ACCOUNT OF ITS BITTERNESS, THIS GLORIOUS JUICE, FOR IT IS A DELIGHT TO DRINK, AND BITTER ONLY BECAUSE IT IS MY LIFE.

XIX

O, MY SAD SOUL, SINCE IT IS YOUR DESTINY TO BE PIERCED TO THE QUICK BY SORROW, SINCE NATURE BIDS THAT YOU SHALL BE TROUBLED EVERY DAY WITH A NEW TORMENT, THEREFORE, O MY SOUL, TELL ME WHY YOU TOOK UP YOUR ABODE IN MY BODY, SEEING THAT YOU MUST ONE DAY QUIT IT.

ON THAT DAY OF DAYS WHICH MEN CALL RESTFUL, SET ASIDE THE CUP AND DRINK YOUR WINE FROM A LARGER MEASURE. IF YOU PLEDGE OTHER DAYS WITH BUT A SINGLE DRAUGHT, THIS DAY DRINK TWICE, FOR IT IS INDEED THE DAY OF DAYS.

HIM, ON WHOM YOU LEAN WITH SO MUCH CONFIDENCE, HIM, IF YOUR EYES WERE UNSEALED, YOU WOULD KNOW FOR YOUR WORST ENEMY. IT IS WISE IN THESE EVIL DAYS TO SEEK BUT LITTLE AFTER FRIENDSHIP. THE SPEECH OF OUR FELLOWS RINGS FAIR ONLY FROM AFAR.

XX

OH, MY HEART, SINCE THIS WORLD
GRIEVES THEE, SINCE THY PURE SOUL
MUST SO SOON BE SEVERED FROM THY
BODY, SIT THEE DOWN IN THE GRASSY
FIELDS AND MAKE MERRY AWHILE,
BEFORE OTHER GRASSES SPRING FROM
THY VERY DUST.

ALTHOUGH THIS WINE IN ITS ES-
SENCE IS CAPABLE OF TAKING A
THOUSAND SHAPES, ASSUMING NOW THE
FORM OF AN ANIMAL, NOW THE FORM
OF A PLANT, DO NOT THEREFORE
BELIEVE THAT IT CAN EVER CEASE TO
BE, AND THAT ITS ESSENCE CAN BE
DESTROYED, FOR THERE IS THE
REALITY WHEN THE SHADOWS DIS-
APPEAR.

I SEE NO SMOKE ARISE FROM THE
FIRE OF MY SINS ; I EXPECT A FAIRER
FATE FROM NO MAN. IF THE IN-
JUSTICE OF MEN MAKES ME LIFT MY
HAND TO MY HEAD, I FIND NO SOLACE
IN LAYING IT ON THE HEM OF THEIR
GABERDINES.

XXI

LET US BEGIN AGAIN THE ROUND OF OUR PLEASURES ; LET US CONTINUE TO DISDAIN THE ROUND OF PRAYERS. WHEREVER THE WINE-FLAGON IS TO BE FOUND, THERE ALSO THOU MAYEST SEE, LIKE UNTO THE NECK OF THE FLAGON ITSELF, OUR THROATS STRETCHED OUT TO THE CUP.

HERE, BELOW, WE ARE NAUGHT BUT PUPPETS FOR THE DIVERSION OF THE WHEEL OF THE HEAVENS. THIS IS INDEED A TRUTH, AND NO SIMILE. WE TRULY ARE BUT PIECES ON THIS CHESSBOARD OF HUMANITY, WHICH IN THE END WE LEAVE, ONLY TO ENTER, ONE BY ONE, INTO THE GRAVE OF NOTHINGNESS.

IN MOSQUE, IN SCHOOL, IN CHURCH, IN SYNAGOGUE, MEN FEAR FOR HELL AND HOPE FOR PARADISE, BUT THE SEED OF THIS UNCERTAINTY HAS NEVER SPROUTED IN THE SOUL OF HIM WHO HAS PENETRATED THE SECRETS OF THE ALL-WISE.

XXII

THOU ASKEST ME THE MEANING OF THIS PHANTASMAGORIA OF THINGS HERE BELOW. TO EXPOUND THE WHOLE OF IT TO THEE WOULD BE A WORK WITHOUT END. IT IS A FANTASTIC VISION, WHICH SPRINGS FROM A BOUNDLESS OCEAN, AND SINKS AGAIN INTO THE SAME OCEAN FROM WHICH IT AROSE.

LET US ABANDON THE VAIN SEARCH AFTER THE UNATTAINABLE, AND GIVE OURSELVES UP WHOLLY TO THE JOYS OF THE PRESENT, TO TOUCHING THE LONG TRESSES TREMBLING TO THE MELODIOUS SOUND OF THE HARP.

WE YIELD OURSELVES TO THE COMMANDS OF WINE, JOYOUSLY WE OFFER OUR SOULS IN SACRIFICE TO THE SMILING STREAM OF THE HOLY JUICE. BEHOLD OUR MINISTER OF WINE, IN ONE HAND THE FLAGON, IN THE OTHER THE BRIMMING CUP, BIDDING US QUAFF THE PUREST WINE OF HIS SOUL.

XXIII

YOU HAVE WANDERED UPON THE
FACE OF THE EARTH, BUT ALL THAT
YOU HAVE KNOWN IS NOTHING, ALL
THAT YOU HAVE SEEN, ALL THAT YOU
HAVE HEARD, IS NOTHING. THOUGH
YOU TRAVEL FROM WORLD'S END TO
WORLD'S END, ALL THAT IS NOTHING,
ALTHOUGH YOU ABIDE IN A CORNER OF
YOUR HOUSE, ALL THAT IS NOTHING.

ONE NIGHT I BEHELD IN A DREAM
A SAGE, WHO SAID TO ME, "IN SLEEP,
O MY FRIEND, THE ROSE OF JOY HAS
NEVER BLOSSOMED FOR ANY MAN?
WHY DO YOU DO A DEED SO LIKE TO
DEATH? ARISE, AND DRINK WINE, FOR
YOU WILL SLEEP SOUND ENOUGH BE-
NEATH THE EARTH."

FLING DUST TO THE SKIES, AND DRINK
DEEP OF THE WINE-FLAGON; SEEK
EVER THE FAIREST WOMEN. TO WHAT
END DOST THOU SUE FOR PARDON,
TO WHAT END DOST THOU PRAY, SEE-
ING THAT OF ALL THOSE DEPARTED
HENCE, NOT ONE HAS RETURNED?

XXIV

IF THE HUMAN HEART COULD KNOW
THE SECRETS OF LIFE, IT WOULD
KNOW TOO, KNOWING DEATH, THE
SECRETS OF GOD. IF TO-DAY, WHEN
YOU ARE WITH YOURSELF, YOU KNOW
NOTHING, WHAT SHALL YOU KNOW
TO-MORROW, WHEN YOU HAVE PASSED
FROM YOURSELF?

THOUGH HEAVEN AND EARTH WERE
BLENDED TOGETHER, THOUGH ALL THE
LUSTRE OF THE STARS WENT OUT, I
WOULD WAIT IN YOUR PATH, O BELOVED,
AND ASK OF YOU WHY YOU HAVE
TAKEN AWAY MY LIFE.

THANK GOD, THE HOUR OF ROSES
HAS ARRIVED. FROM MY HEART I
DELIGHT IN THE THOUGHT OF BREAK-
ING THE LAW OF ALKORAN. FOR
MANY A DAY I MEAN TO DELIGHT ME
WITH GIRLS OF LOVELY FACE AND
LOVELY BODY, AND TO TURN THE
MEADOW TO A TULIP-BED BY THE
SPILTH OF MY WINE ON THE GREEN
SWORD.

XXV

ALTHOUGH, TRULY, I HAVE NEVER
PIERCED THE PEARL OF OBEDIENCE
WHICH WE OWE TO THEE, ALTHOUGH
I HAVE NEVER SWEEPED THE DUST OF
THY STEPS FROM MY HEART, I DO
NOT DESPAIR OF REACHING TO THE
FOOT OF THE THRONE OF THY MERCY,
FOR I HAVE NEVER WORRIED THEE
WITH MY IMPORTUNATE PRAYERS.

THIS JAR HAS BEEN, LIKE ME, A
CREATURE, LOVING AND UNHAPPY ; IT
HAS SIGHED FOR THE LONG TRESSES
OF SOME FAIR YOUNG GIRL ; THAT
HANDLE BY WHICH YOU HOLD IT NOW,
WAS ONCE A LOVING ARM TO LINGER
FONDLY ROUND SOME FAIR ONE'S NECK.

DO NOT HEEDLESSLY BEAT AT EVERY
PORTAL. WE MUST LEARN TO TAKE
THE GOOD WITH THE BAD IN THIS
LIFE, FOR WE CAN ONLY PLAY THE
GAME ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER OF
DOTS ON THE FACE OF THE DICE
WHICH DESTINY THROWS INTO THE
HOLLOW OF THIS HEAVENLY CUP.

XXVI

BEFORE EVER YOU OR I WERE BORN,
THERE WERE DAWNS AND TWILIGHTS,
AND IT WAS NOT WITHOUT DESIGN
THAT THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE SKIES
WERE SANCTIONED. BE CAREFUL,
THEN, HOW YOU TREAD UPON THIS
DUST, FOR IT WAS ONCE, NO DOUBT,
THE APPLE OF SOME FAIR GIRL'S EYE.

YOU CANNOT ASSURE YOURSELF TO-
DAY THAT YOU SHALL BEHOLD TO-
MORROW'S DAWN; EVEN TO DWELL
UPON TO-MORROW IS MERE MADNESS;
IF YOUR HEART IS WIDE AWAKE, DO
NOT WASTE IN TORPOR THIS LITTLE
PINCH OF LIFE, FOR THERE IS NO
PROOF HOW LONG IT SHALL ABIDE
WITH YOU.

QUESTION ME NOT UPON THE VA-
GARIES OF THIS WORLD, NOR OF THE
THINGS THAT YET MAY BE. LOOK
UPON THIS PRESENT HOUR AS PLUN-
DER FROM DESTINY. VEX NOT THY-
SELF ABOUT THE PAST, NOR PLAGUE
ME ABOUT THE FUTURE.

XXVII

THE TEMPLES OF THE GODS AND KAABAS ARE PLACES OF PRAISE, THE CHIMING OF BELLS IS NAUGHT BUT A HYMN RAISED IN PRAISE OF THE ALL POTENT. THE PULPIT, THE CHURCH, THE BEADS, THE CROSS, ARE ALL BUT DIFFERENT SYMBOLS OF THE SAME HOMAGE TO THE SAME LORD.

LET NOT THE FEAR OF THINGS TO BE MAKE SALLOW THY CHEEK, LET NOT THINGS PRESENT MAKE THEE BLANCH WITH FEAR. ENJOY, IN THIS LAND OF SHADOWS, THY SHARE OF DELIGHT, AND DO NOT WAIT THEREFOR UNTIL HEAVEN'S GIFTS ARE SNATCHED AWAY FROM YOU.

NO FALSE MONEY CIRCULATES WITH US. THE BROOM HAS CLEANLY SWEPT OUR HAPPY HOME. AN OLD MAN COMING FROM THE TAVERN SAID, COUNSELLING ME, "DRINK, FRIEND, DRINK WINE, FOR MANY LIVES WILL FOLLOW YOURS DURING YOUR LONG SLEEP."

XXVIII

THESE TRAVELLERS HAVE DEPARTED, AND OF THEM ALL, NOT ONE HAS RETURNED TO TELL US OF THE HIDDEN THINGS CONCEALED BEHIND THE VEIL. OH, DEVOUT MAN, IT IS BY A HUMBLE HEART, AND NOT BY PRAYER, THAT THE THINGS WHICH CONCERN THY SOUL WILL BE BROUGHT TO A FAVOURABLE ISSUE, FOR PRAYER IS OF NO AVAIL TO A MAN WITHOUT SINCERITY AND CONTRITION.

IF YOU WILL HEARKEN, I WILL GIVE YOU GOOD COUNSEL. DO NOT DON THE CLOAK OF HYPOCRISY FOR THE LOVE OF GOD. ETERNITY IS OF ALL TIME, AND THIS WORLD IS BUT OF A MOMENT. DO NOT, THEN, BARTER FOR A MOMENT THE EMPERY OF ETERNITY.

HOW LONG SHALL I VEX YOU WITH MINE IGNORANCE? MY NOTHINGNESS OPPRESSES MY HEART. EVEN NOW I WILL BIND MY LOINS WITH THE GIRDLE OF THE PRIESTS. WHEREFORE? BECAUSE I WEARY OF MY WAY OF LIFE.

XXIX

THOU HAST PLANTED IN OUR HEARTS
AN IRRESISTIBLE DESIRE, AND AT THE
SAME TIME THOU HAST FORBIDDEN US
TO SATISFY IT. IN WHAT A STRAIT
DOST THOU FIND THYSELF, OH, UN-
HAPPY MAN, BETWEEN THIS LAW OF
THY NATURE, AND THIS COMMAND-
MENT? IT IS AS IF THOU WERT
ORDERED TO TURN DOWN THE CUP,
WITHOUT SPILLING THE CONTENTS
THEREOF.

O KHAYYAM, WHEN YOU ARE DRUNK
BE MERRY ; WHEN YOU ARE WITH
YOUR MISTRESS, BE GLAD ; SINCE THE
END OF THIS WORLD IS NOTHINGNESS,
THINK THAT YOU ARE NOT, AND WHILE
YOU ARE, BE JOCUND.

ALL THINGS THAT BE WERE LONG
SINCE MARKED UPON THE TABLET OF
CREATION. HEAVEN'S PENCIL HAS
NAUGHT TO DO WITH GOOD OR EVIL.
GOD SET ON FATE ITS NECESSARY
SEAL ; AND ALL OUR EFFORTS ARE
BUT A VAIN STRIVING.

XXX

I WOULD RATHER IN THE TAVERN WITH THEE POUR OUT ALL THE THOUGHTS OF MY HEART, THAN WITHOUT THEE GO AND MAKE MY PRAYER UNTO HEAVEN. THIS, TRULY, O CREATOR OF ALL THINGS PRESENT AND TO COME, IS MY RELIGION; WHETHER THOU CASTEST ME INTO THE FLAMES, OR MAKEST ME GLAD WITH THE LIGHT OF THY COUNTENANCE.

I CANNOT LIGHTLY DISCLOSE MY SECRET TO THE BAD AND THE GOOD ALIKE. I CANNOT AMPLIFY MY SIMPLE THOUGHT. I BEHOLD A PLACE THAT I CANNOT DESCRIBE; I HOLD A SECRET THAT I CANNOT REVEAL.

IN THE FACE OF THE DECREES OF PROVIDENCE, NOTHING SUCCEEDS SAVE RESIGNATION. AMONG MEN NOTHING SUCCEEDS SAVE COUNTERFEIT AND HYPOCRISY. I HAVE EMPLOYED ALL THE MOST SKILFUL RUSES THAT THE HUMAN MIND CAN SCHEME, BUT FATE HAS ALWAYS OVERTURNED MY PROJECTS.

XXXI

IF A STRANGER SERVES YOU FAITHFULLY, THINK OF HIM AS CLOSE OF KIN. IF ONE OF YOUR KIN BETRAY YOU, THINK OF HIM AS ACTING IN ERROR. IF A POISON CURES YOU, CALL IT AN ANTIDOTE ; IF AN ANTIDOTE WORKS YOU ILL, CALL IT A POISON.

BEHOLD, THE TIME IS COME, WHEN THE EARTH IS ABOUT TO CLOTHE ITSELF IN VERDURE, WHEN THE BLOSSOMS BREAKING FORTH OVER THE BRANCHES, MAKE THEM BECOME AS THE HAND OF MOSES, WHEN, AS IF QUICKENED BY THE BREATH OF JESUS, THE PLANTS SPRING FROM THE EARTH, WHEN AT LAST THE CLOUDS OPEN THEIR EYES TO WEEP.

LONG HAVE I SUNG THE PRAISE OF WINE AND DWELT AMONG THE THINGS OF ITS SERVICE. MAY YOU BE HAPPY, MY PHILOSOPHER, IN THE BELIEF THAT YOU HAVE TAKEN WISDOM FOR YOUR MASTER, BUT LEARN, TOO, THAT THAT MASTER IS ONLY MY PUPIL.

XXXII

GIVE NOT THYSELF OVER TO CARE
AND TO GRIEF IN THE HOPE OF GAIN-
ING YELLOW OR WHITE MONEY IN THE
END. ENJOY THYSELF WITH THY
COMPANIONS, BEFORE THY WARM
BREATH BECOMES COLD, FOR THY
ENEMIES WILL FEAST IN THY ROOM
WHEN THOU ART DEPARTED.

SINCE IT IS CERTAIN THAT WE MUST
NEEDS GO HENCE, WHAT IS THE USE
OF BEING? WHY SHOULD WE STRIVE
SO EAGERLY AFTER UNATTAINABLE
HAPPINESS? SINCE FOR SOME UN-
KNOWN REASON WE MAY NOT ABIDE
HERE, WERE IT NOT WELL TO THINK
A LITTLE UPON OUR VOYAGE TO COME?
WHY SHOULD WE BE SO HEEDLESS
THEREOF?

WHAT HEART DOES NOT BLEED FOR
YOUR ABSENCE, WHAT SOUL IS NOT
THE SERVANT OF YOUR ENCHANTING
CHARMS? FOR THOUGH YOU PAY HEED
TO NO ONE, THERE IS NO ONE WHO
DOES NOT PAY HEED TO YOU.

XXXIII

THE WORLD UPBRAIDS ME AS A DEBAUCHEE, AND YET I AM NOT GUILTY. YE HOLY MEN, LOOK UPON YOURSELVES, AND LEARN WHAT YE TRULY ARE. YOU CHARGE ME WITH VIOLATION OF THE HOLY LAW, BUT I HAVE COMMITTED NO OTHER SINS THAN RIOT, DRUNKENNESS, AND ADULTERY.

MY HAPPINESS IS INCOMPLETE WHILE I AM SOBER. WHEN I AM DRUNK, BLANK IGNORANCE OVERGROWS MY REASON. THERE IS A STATE BETWEEN CLEAR REASON AND INTOXICATION. AH, WITH WHAT JOY DO I MAKE MYSELF THE SLAVE OF THAT STATE, FOR THEREIN LIES LIFE.

THIS WORLD IS BUT A HAIR'S BREADTH IN OUR WRETCHED LIFE. THE SOUL BUT THE FAINT TRACE OF OUR BLENDED TEARS AND BLOOD. HELL IS BUT A SHADOW OF THE VAIN TOILS WE TAKE UPON OURSELVES. PARADISE IS BUT THE MOMENT'S REST WE SOMETIMES TASTE HERE.

XXXIV

IF YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP TO YOUR PASSION, TO YOUR INSATIABLE DESIRE, I PROPHECY UNTO YOU THAT YOU WILL GO HENCE AS POOR AS A BEGGAR. SEE RATHER WHAT YOU ARE AND WHENCE YOU COME, KNOW WHAT YOU ARE AND LEARN WHITHER YOU GO.

WHO CAN BELIEVE THAT HE WHO MADE THE CUP WOULD DREAM OF DESTROYING IT? ALL THOSE FAIR FACES, ALL THOSE LOVELY LIMBS, ALL THOSE ENCHANTING BODIES, WHAT LOVE HAS MADE THEM, AND WHAT HATE DESTROYS THEM?

IT IS BUT THY DRUNKENNESS WHICH MAKES THEE DREAD DEATH AND FEAR NOTHINGNESS; FOR IT IS CLEAR THAT FROM THAT NOTHINGNESS THE TREE OF IMMORTALITY SHALL SPRING. SINCE MY SOUL HAS BEEN RESUSCITATED BY THE BREATH OF JESUS, ETERNAL DEATH HAS FLED AFAR FROM ME.

XXXV

COPY THE TULIP, THAT FLAMES
WITH THE NEW YEAR ; TAKE, LIKE HER,
THE CUP IN YOUR HAND, AND DRINK
AT ALL ADVANTAGE YOUR WINE WITH
A LIGHT HEART, IN COMPANY WITH A
YOUTHFUL BEAUTY WITH TULIP
CHEEKS. FOR YON BLUE WHEEL MAY
LIKE A WHIRLWIND AT ANY MOMENT
DASH YOU DOWN.

ONE DROP OF WINE IS WORTH ALL
THE KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH : THE
TILE WHICH COVERS THE JAR IS WORTH
A THOUSAND LIVES. THE CLOTH WITH
WHICH WE WIPE THE LIPS MOISTENED
WITH WINE IS TRULY MORE PRECIOUS
THAN A THOUSAND PIECES.

O, MY FRIENDS, WHEN I AM SPED,
APPOINT A MEETING AND WHEN YE
HAVE MET TOGETHER, BE YE GLAD
THEREOF, AND WHEN THE CUP-BEARER
HOLDS IN HER HAND A FLAGON OF
OLD WINE, THEN THINK UPON OLD
KHAYYAM AND DRINK TO HIS MEMORY.

XXXVI

THERE IS NO SHIELD TO SAVE YOU FROM THE SPEAR-CAST OF DESTINY. GLORY, GOLD, SILVER, EACH AVAILS NOT. THE MORE I PONDER ON THIS WORLD AND ITS GEAR, THE MORE I AM ASSURED THAT TO BE GOOD IS ALL; THE REST AVAILS NOT.

I PITY THE HEART THAT IS NOT PROMPTED TO ABSTINENCE, FOR IT IS THE DAILY PREY OF PASSIONS. ONLY THE HEART THAT IS FREE FROM CARE CAN BE TRULY HAPPY; AUGHT IN EXCESS OF THAT STATE IS MERE VEXATION.

HOW LONG WILT THOU AFFLICT THY SOUL WITH THE FAILURE OF THY AMBITIONS? TROUBLE IS THE LOT OF THOSE WHO ARE CAREFUL FOR THE FUTURE. PASS THY LIFE IN JOY, THEREFORE, AND GIVE NOT THYSELF UP TO THE CARES OF THIS WORLD. KNOW THAT WINE WILL IN NO WISE INCREASE THE BITTERNESS OF THY WOES.

XXXVII

HE WHO HAS THE WISDOM TO KEEP HIS HEART CONTENTED HAS LOST NO HOUR IN SORROW; HE HAS EITHER DEVOTED HIMSELF TO SEEKING THE GRACE OF GOD, OR HE HAS GAINED TRANQUILLITY OF SOUL OVER THE BRIMMING WINE-CUP.

TO DRINK WINE AND TO MAKE MERRY, SUCH IS MY SCHEME OF LIFE. TO PAY NO HEED TO HERETIC OR DEVOTEE, SUCH IS MY CREED. I ASKED THE BRIDE OF ALL THE HUMAN RACE, "WHAT IS THY MARRIAGE PORTION?" AND SHE ANSWERED, SMILING, "MY MARRIAGE PORTION LIES IN THE JOY OF THY HEART."

REJOICE, THEREFORE, FOR THE TIME COMETH QUICKLY WHEN ALL WHOM THOU BEHOLDEST NOW SHALL BE HIDDEN IN THE EARTH. DRINK, DRINK WINE, AND LET NOT THE CARES OF THIS WORLD OVERWHELM YOU. THOSE WHO COME AFTER THEE WILL TOO SOON BECOME A PREY.

XXXVIII

NO DAY EVER FINDS MY SOUL
FREE FROM AMAZEMENT, NO NIGHT
EVER FINDS MY BOSOM FREE FROM
THE TEARS THAT TRICKLE FROM MY
EYES. THE UNEASE THAT SWAYS ME
FORBIDS THE CUP OF MY HEAD FROM
BRIMMING WITH WINE. ALAS, HOW
SHALL AN INVERTED CUP BE EVER
FILLED?

WHEN GOD BUILT UP MY BODY OUT
OF CLAY, HE KNEW BEFOREHAND THE
FRUIT OF ALL MY DEEDS. IT IS NOT
IN DEFIANCE OF HIS WILL THAT I A
SINNER HAVE SINNED. WHY THEN
FOR ME DOES NETHER HELL AWAIT?

WHAT TIME MY BEING SEEMED TO
LEAN TO PRAYER AND FASTING, I
DEEMED FOR A MOMENT THAT I WAS
ABOUT TO TOUCH THE GOAL OF MY
DESIRES; BUT, ALAS, A BREATH HAS
SUFFICED TO DESTROY THE EFFICACY
OF MY ABLUTIONS, AND A HALF
MEASURE OF WINE HAS SET MY FASTS
ASIDE.

XXXIX

ALL MY BEING IS ATTRACTED BY THE SIGHT OF THE FAIR FACES DYED WITH THE HUE OF THE ROSE; MY HEART DELIGHTS TO SAVOUR THE CUP OF WINE. YEA, I WISH TO ENJOY THE AWARD OF EACH OF MY MEMBERS BEFORE THOSE MEMBERS FALL AGAIN INTO THE ALL FROM WHICH THEY SPRANG.

YESTERDAY I VISITED THE WORK-SHOP OF A POTTER: THERE I BEHELD TWO THOUSAND POTS, SOME SPEAKING, AND SOME HOLDING THEIR PEACE. EACH ONE SEEMED TO SAY TO ME, "WHERE IS THEN THE POTTER, WHERE THE BUYER OF POTS, WHERE THE SELLER?"

I AM WORTHY NEITHER OF HEAVEN NOR YET OF HELL. GOD KNOWS FROM WHAT CLAY HE FASHIONED ME. I AM AS HERETICAL AS A DERVISH, AS ILL-FAVOURED AS A HARLOT, I HAVE NEITHER FAITH NOR WEALTH, NOR HOPE OF PARADISE.

XL

YESTERDAY, PASSING DRUNKEN BEFORE THE TAVERN DOOR, I BEHELD AN OLD MAN, FULL OF WINE, BEARING A GOURD UPON HIS BACK. I SPAKE TO HIM AND SAID, "OH, OLD MAN, DOST THOU NOT FEAR GOD?" HE ANSWERED ME, "THERE IS MERCY WITH HIM—GO, THEREFORE, AND DRINK."

WINE, WHICH IS VALUED BY THE MAN OF UNDERSTANDING, IS FOR ME THE WATER OF LIFE. IT IS BALM TO MY HEART, AND AN ELIXIR WHICH RENEWS THE STRENGTH OF MY SOUL. HATH NOT GOD HIMSELF SAID: "THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND IS FOUND IN WINE."

POOR MAN, THY PASSION, LIKE UNTO A WATCH-DOG, GIVES FORTH HOLLOW SOUNDS. IT MASKS THE WILES OF THE FOX, IT SEEKS THE SLEEP OF THE HARE; IT BLENDS IN ONE THE RAGE OF THE TIGER WITH THE HUNGER OF THE WOLF.

XLI

WHO LED THEE HERE THIS NIGHT
TO ME, THUS DRENCHED WITH WINE?
WHO, LIFTING THE LIGHT VEIL THAT
COVERED THEE, HAS GUIDED THEE TO
MY THRESHOLD? WHO HAS SWEEPED
THEE AWAY AGAIN MORE SWIFTLY
THAN THE WIND, TO FEED MORE
FIERCELY THE FLAME THAT BURNT
ALREADY BRIGHTLY IN THINE ABSENCE?

EVERY HEART IN WHICH HEAVEN
HATH SET THE LAMP OF LOVE,
WHETHER THAT HEART INCLINE TO
MOSQUE OR SYNAGOGUE, IF ITS NAME
BE WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LOVE,
IT IS FREED FROM THE FEAR OF HELL
AND THE HOPE OF PARADISE.

O YOU WHO OUT OF ALL THE
WORLD ART DEAREST TO MY HEART,
MORE PRECIOUS THAN THE SOUL WHICH
QUICKENS ME OR THAN THE EYES
THAT LIGHT MY PATH, THERE IS
NOTHING, OH MY BELOVED, DEARER
THAN LIFE, AND YET YOU, AH, YOU ARE
A HUNDRED TIMES MORE DEAR.

XLII

HOW FAIR ARE THE GREEN FRINGES
OF THE LIVING STREAM. SURELY
THEY SPRANG ONCE FROM THE LIP OF
SOME CELESTIAL FAIR. TRAMPLE
THEM NOT WITH SCORN, FOR THEY
SPRING FROM THE DUST OF A TULIP-
TINTED FACE.

WE ARE ENDURING NAUGHT BUT
CARK AND CARE IN THIS WORLD WHICH
OFFERS US A FLEETING HARBOURAGE.
ALAS, NOT ONE OF ALL CREATION'S
RIDDLES HAS BEEN READ TO US, AND
WE DEPART HENCE WITH SORRY
HEARTS.

WHEN THE DAY ARRIVETH, WHEN,
WITH MY HEAD THROWN BACK, I FALL
AT THE FEET OF DEATH, WHEN THE
DESTROYING ANGEL SHALL HAVE MADE
ME LIKE UNTO A BIRD WITHOUT
FEATHERS; OH, THEN, SEE THOU THAT
OF MY DUST A WINE-FLAGON IS
FORMED—FOR WHO CAN SAY BUT THAT
THE ODOUR OF THE WINE MAY RE-
INFORM MY CLAY?

XLIII

MASTER, MAKE LAWFUL BUT ONE
ALONE OF ALL OUR WISHES. HOLD
YOUR PEACE AND GUIDE US ON THE
ROAD TO GOD. TRULY WE WALK
STRAIGHTLY, IT IS YOU WHO GO
ASTRAY. HEAL YOUR EYES AND LEAVE
US TO OUR PEACE.

SINCE THIS VAIN WORLD ABIDETH
NOT, I WILL OCCUPY MYSELF ONLY
WITH GUILE, I WILL GIVE UP MY
THOUGHTS TO PLEASURE AND LIMPID
WINE. THEY SAY UNTO ME, "HATH
NOT GOD FORBIDDEN IT?"—HE CAN
TRULY NEVER HAVE GIVEN ME THIS
COMMANDMENT, FOR IF HE HAD I
COULD NOT OBEY IT!

WHEN I DRAW NEAR UNTO THE
GEAR OF THIS WORLD, I BEHOLD
ALL MANKIND SEIZING ON THE GOOD
THINGS IT CONTAINS WITHOUT ANY
MERIT OF THEIRS, WHILE TO ME, OH
ALL-POWERFUL GOD, NOTHING IS
VOUCHSAFED BUT THE SHIPWRECK
OF MY HOPES.

XLIV

A MOUTHFUL OF WINE IS WORTH MORE THAN THE KINGDOM OF KAI KHOSROU ; IT IS MORE DESIRABLE THAN THE THRONE OF KAI KOBAD OR THE EMPERY OF THOUS. THE SIGHS WITH WHICH A LOVER DISTURBS THE DAWN ARE PREFERABLE TO THE HOWLINGS OF SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITES.

IF I DO DRINK WINE IT IS NOT FOR MINE OWN SELFISH GRATIFICATION, IT IS NOT FOR RIOT'S SAKE OR TO HOLD ALOOF FROM RELIGION AND THE VIRTUES, NO, IT IS BUT THAT I MAY ESCAPE FOR A MOMENT FROM MYSELF. NO OTHER PURPOSE SPURS ME TO DRINK AND BE DRUNKEN.

FOLK SAY THAT THERE IS A HELL. THIS IS A VAIN ERROR, IN WHICH NO TRUST SHOULD BE PLACED, FOR IF THERE WERE A HELL FOR LOVERS AND FOR BIBBERS OF WINE, WHY HEAVEN WOULD BE, FROM TO-MORROW MORN, AS EMPTY AS THE HOLLOW OF MY HAND.

XLV

IF YOU HAVE DRUNK WINE FAITHFULLY ALL THE WEEK, DO NOT HOLD YOUR HAND ON THE SABBATH; FOR, BY OUR HOLY FAITH, THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT DAY AND ANOTHER. BE THOU THE WORSHIPPER OF THE ALL-HIGH AND NOT A WORSHIPPER OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

DEAR MY GOD, YOU ARE MERCIFUL, AND MERCY IS PITY. WHY THEN HAS THE GREATEST SINNER BEEN SHUT OFF FROM PARADISE? IF YOU ONLY PARDON ME BECAUSE I HAVE OBEYED YOU, WHAT MERCY IS THAT? IT WOULD BE MERCIFUL TO FORGIVE ME, SINNER THAT I AM.

PUT WISDOM BY, AND TAKE THE CUP IN HAND. CEASE TO PERPLEX YOURSELF ABOUT HEAVEN AND HELL. SELL THY SILKEN TURBAN TO BUY WINE WITH THE PRICE AND HAVE NO FEAR. PLUCK OFF THAT COSTLY HEADGEAR—CONTENT THY HEAD WITH A WOOLLEN CAP.

XLVI

THEY BID ME DRINK NO WINE DURING THIS MONTH, FOR THIS MONTH IS THE PROPHET'S, NOR YET IN THAT MONTH FOR THAT IS THE MONTH OF GOD. VERY WELL, LEAVE THOSE TWO MONTHS TO GOD AND HIS PROPHET, AND LET US DRINK DEEP IN THE MONTH OF RAMAZAN, SINCE THAT MONTH IS RESERVED TO US.

ALTHOUGH WINE IS FORBIDDEN, CEASE NOT TO DRINK THEREOF. DRINK, BY MORNING AND EVENTIDE, DRINK TO THE SOUND OF SONG, AND TO THE MELODY OF THE HARP. WHEN THOU HAST PROCURED WINE GLOWING LIKE THE RUBY, POUR ONE DROP ON THE EARTH, AND DRINK THE REST.

NAME MY MERITS ONE BY ONE, TAKE MY DEFECTS BY TENS AT A TIME. PARDON EVERY SIN FOR THE LOVE OF GOD. DO NOT FEED THE FIRE OF HATE WITH THE BREATH OF PASSION, PARDON US IN THE MEMORY OF THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET OF GOD.

XLVII

THE MULTITUDE OF CREEDS HAS DIVIDED MANKIND INTO SEVENTY-TWO NATIONS. OF ALL THESE DOCTRINES I HAVE CHOSEN THAT OF THY LOVE. OF WHAT MEANING ARE THE WORDS : IMPIETY, ISLAM, FAITH, SIN? THOU ART MY SOLE DESIRE. AWAY FROM ME ALL THESE VAIN PRETENCES.

TRULY THE WINE IN THE CUP IS A SHINING LIFE, IN THE BODY OF THE FLAGON IT IS A CLEAR SOUL. NO CHURLISH FELLOW IS WORTHY OF MY FELLOWSHIP. ONLY THE WINE CUP DESERVES TO ENTER THEREIN, FOR IT IS AT THE SAME TIME A SOLID AND A DIAPHANOUS BODY.

THIS AGED CARAVANSERAI WHICH MEN CALL THE WORLD, THIS ALTERNATING HOME OF LIGHT AND NIGHT, IS BUT THE FAG END OF A FEAST OF A HUNDRED SUCH LORDS AS JAMSHID. IT IS BUT A TOMB SERVING AS A PILLOW FOR THE SLEEP OF A HUNDRED SUCH KINGS AS BAHRAM.

XLVIII

IF THE ROSE IS NOT OUR PORTION
DO NOT THE THORNS REMAIN? IF
THE LIGHT DOES NOT REACH US, DOES
NOT THE FIRE REMAIN? IF WE HAVE
NOT THE GARMENT, THE TEMPLE NOR
THE PRIEST, DO NOT THE MOSQUE,
THE DOME, THE MINARET, REMAIN?

WHERE ARE THE DANCERS? WHERE
IS THE WINE? HASTEN THAT I MAY
DO HONOUR TO THE GOURD. HAPPY
IS THE HEART WHICH REMEMBERS
THE WINE IN THE MORNING. OH!
THERE EXIST THREE THINGS IN THIS
WORLD WHICH ARE DEAR TO ME—A
HEAD OVERTAKEN WITH WINE, A FAIR
MISTRESS, AND THE SOUND OF SING-
ING.

O WHEEL OF HEAVEN, HEEDLESS OF
BREAD AND SALT, YOU LEAVE ME
EVER NAKED AS A FISH. THE WHEEL
OF THE WEAVER WEAVETH CLOTHES
FOR MEN, THEREFORE IT IS MORE
CHARITABLE THAN THOU, O WHEEL
OF HEAVEN.

XLIX

O KHAYYAM, SAD IS HIS LOT WHO
LETS HIS HEART BE VEXED BY EARTHLY
TRIBULATIONS. DRINK THEN TO THE
TOUCH OF THE LUTE, DRINK WINE IN
A CRYSTAL CUP, DRINK BEFORE THE
CRYSTAL IS DASHED AGAINST A STONE.

TELL ME, FRIEND, WHAT HAVE I
ACQUIRED OF THE RICHES OF THIS
WORLD?—NOTHING. WHAT HAS FLEET-
ING TIME LEFT IN MY HANDS?—
NOTHING. I AM THE TORCH OF JOY,
BUT ONCE THE TORCH IS EXTINGUISHED I
EXIST NO LONGER. I AM THE CUP
OF JAMSHID, BUT THE CUP ONCE
BROKEN I EXIST NO MORE.

BEHOLD THE DAWN APPEARS. SHE
HAS TORN ASIDE THE VEIL OF NIGHT.
RISE, THEN, AND EMPTY THE MORN-
ING'S CUP. WHY SO SAD? DRINK,
HEART, DRINK, FOR THESE DAWNS
WILL FOLLOW AND FOLLOW WITH
THEIR FACES TURNED TO US, WHEN
OUR FACES SHALL BE TURNED TO THE
EARTH.

L

IF THE WHEEL OF HEAVEN DENIES
ME BREAD, AM I NOT PROMPT FOR
WAR? IF I HAVE NOT A NOBLE RE-
PUTATION, HAVE I NOT MY SHAME?
LO, THE CUP BRIMMED WITH A CRIM-
SON WINE. HE THAT WILL NOT DRINK
DESERVES TO BE STONED.

SINCE LIFE FLIES, WHAT MATTERS IT
WHETHER IT BE SWEET OR BITTER?
SINCE OUR SOUL MUST ESCAPE
THROUGH OUR LIPS, WHAT MATTERS IT
WHETHER IT BE AT NAISHAPUR OR
BABYLON? DRINK, THEN, FOR AFTER
THOU AND I ARE DUST, THE MOON
WILL FOR MANY DAYS PASS FROM
HER LAST TO HER FIRST QUARTER,
AND FROM HER FIRST TO HER LAST.

WHY, WHEN TO-DAY THE ROSE OF
FORTUNE BLOSSOMS, IS THE WINE-CUP
MISSING FROM YOUR HANDS? DRINK,
MY FRIEND, DRINK RED WINE, FOR
TIME IS A MERCILESS FELLOW, AND
IT IS HARD TO FIND AGAIN A DAY
LIKE THIS.

LI

THE MONTH OF RAMAZAN HAS COME, THE TIME OF THE WINE IS OVER. YES, THE DAYS OF THAT DELICIOUS DRINK AND OF OUR EASY LIFE, HATH FALLEN FAR FROM US. WOE'S ME FOR THE WINE THAT WAITS UNDRUNKEN IN THE JAR, AND THE EYES OF THE FAIR WOMEN THAT BURN FOR US IN VAIN.

THE PALACE, WHERE BAHRAM LOVED TO TROLL THE BOWL, IS NOW THE RESTING-PLACE OF STAGS, THE LAIR OF LIONS. SEE HOW THIS BAHRAM WHO LOVED TO SNARE THE WILD ASS WITH A RUNNING NOOSE IS SNARED HIMSELF IN HIS TURN BY THE TOMB.

WE HAVE COME TOO LATE INTO THIS WHIRL AND WELTER OF LIFE, AND WE HAVE FALLEN HERE, BELOW THE LEVEL OF MANKIND. AH! SINCE LIFE DOES NOT, ALAS, MOVE ACCORDING TO OUR WISHES, IT WERE BETTER IT SHOULD CEASE; FOR ALREADY WE HAVE REACHED SATIETY.

ALTHOUGH SIN HAS LEFT ME EVIL
OF FAVOUR, UNHAPPY, I AM NOT WITH-
OUT HOPE, IN WHICH I AM LIKE UNTO
THE IDOLATORS WHO PIN THEIR FAITH
TO THE GODS OF THEIR TEMPLES.
NONE THE LESS ON THE MORN WHEN
I MUST DIE OF THE LAST NIGHT'S RIOT
I WILL CLAMOUR FOR WINE AND CALL
FOR MY PARAMOUR, FOR WHAT CARE
I FOR HEAVEN OR HELL?

OH, MY DEAR COMPANIONS, POUR
ME WINE TO MAKE MY COUNTENANCE
CLEAR WITH THE COLOUR OF RUBIES.
WHEN I AM DEAD, WASH ME IN WINE,
AND MAKE MY LITTER AND MY COFFIN
OF THE WOOD OF THE VINE.

A DRAUGHT OF WINE IS BETTER
THAN THE EMPERY OF JAMSHID. THE
PERFUME OF THE CUP IS BETTER
THAN THE GIFTS OF HATIM TAI.
THE SIGH WHICH SLIPS AT DAWNING
FROM THE BREAST OF HIM WHO WENT
DRUNK TO BED, IS BETTER THAN THE
LAMENTATIONS OF MAJNUN.

LIII

THE CLOUDS SPREAD OVER THE FACE OF THE HEAVENS, AND RAIN PATTERS ON THE SWORD. HOW COULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO LIVE FOR A SINGLE SECOND WITHOUT CRIMSON WINE? THIS GREEN BEFORE ME DELIGHTS MY EYE, BUT THE GRASS WHICH SHALL SPRING FROM MY DUST WHOSE EYE WILL DELIGHT IN?

OH! THOUGHTLESS MAN, BE NOT DECEIVED BY THIS WORLD, SINCE THOU KNOWEST ITS PURSUITS! THROW NOT THY PRECIOUS LIFE TO THE WIND. HASTEN TO SEEK THY FRIEND, AND DELAY NOT TO DRINK WINE.

FOR THE LOVE OF THEE WHICH POSSESSES MY HEART I AM READY TO ACCEPT ALL MANNER OF REPROOF, AND IF I BREAK MY VOW, I WILL BEAR THE BLAME THEREOF. OH, IF UNTIL THE LAST DAY I SHOULD ENDURE THE PAIN THOU CAUSEST ME, THE TIME WOULD SEEM BUT TOO SHORT.

O HEART, MY HEART, SINCE THE VERY BASIS OF ALL THIS WORLD'S GEAR IS BUT A FABLE, WHY DO YOU ADVENTURE IN SUCH AN INFINITE ABYSS OF SORROWS? TRUST THYSELF TO FATE, UPHOLD THE EVIL, FOR WHAT THE PENCIL HAS TRACED WILL NOT BE EFFACED FOR YOU.

OF ALL WHO HAVE SET OUT UPON THE LONG JOURNEY, WHO HAS COME BACK, THAT I MAY ASK HIM TIDINGS? MY FRIENDS, TAKE HEED TO LET NAUGHT GO BY IN THE HOPE OF HOPES FOR, BE SURE, YOU WILL NOT COME BACK AGAIN.

SINCE EVERY WANING NIGHT, EVERY WANING DAY, CUTS OFF A CANTLE OF YOUR LIFE, DO NOT ALLOW THESE NIGHTS AND DAYS TO HEAP YOU THICK WITH DUST. DAFF THEM GAILY BY, FOR, ALAS, WHAT A WORLD OF TIME YOU WILL BE GONE HENCE WHILE NIGHTS AND DAYS STILL WAX AND WANE.

THAT HEAVENLY WHEEL, WHICH TELLS ITS TALE TO NO MAN, HAS MERCILESSLY SLAIN A THOUSAND MONARCHS AND A THOUSAND FAVORITES; DRINK YOUR WINE, THEN, FOR IT GIVES BACK LIFE TO NONE. ALAS, NO ONE OF THOSE THAT QUIT THIS WORLD WILL E'ER COME BACK TO IT.

O THOU, WHO LORDEST OVER THE LORDS OF THE EARTH, DOST THOU KNOW THE DAYS WHEN WINE DELIGHTETH THE HEART? THEY ARE IN GOOD SOOTH THE MONDAY, THE TUESDAY, THE WEDNESDAY, THE THURSDAY, THE FRIDAY, THE SATURDAY, AND THE SUNDAY TO BOOT.

HEEDLESS MAN, THY FLESHLY BODY IS NAUGHT, YON VAULT BUILT UP OF SEVEN SHINING HEAVENS IS NAUGHT. GIVE THYSELF UP TO ALL DELIGHT IN THIS KINGDOM OF MISRULE, FOR OUR LIFE IS ONLY BOUND TO IT FOR A MOMENT, AND THAT MOMENT ITSELF IS NOTHING.

THIS CARAVAN OF LIFE PASSETH IN
A STRANGE MANNER—BEWARE, OH,
FRIEND, FOR IT IS THE TIME OF THY
PLEASURE WHICH FLEETH FROM THEE
THUS. TROUBLE NOT THYSELF, THERE-
FORE, FOR THE GRIEF WHICH
AWAITETH OUR FRIENDS ON THE
MORROW, FOR BEHOLD HOW THE
NIGHT PASSETH AWAY !

ONCE, SEEING AN OLD MAN STAGGER
FROM THE WINE-SHOP, WITH HIS
PRAYER MAT ON HIS SHOULDERS, AND
A FLAGON IN HIS HAND, I SAID TO
HIM, “WHAT MEANS THIS, OH, MY MAS-
TER ?” AND HE MADE ANSWER TO ME,
“DRINK WINE, MY BROTHER, FOR THIS
WORLD IS BUT A BREATH OF WIND.”

A LOVE-LORN NIGHTINGALE, STRAY-
ING INTO A GARDEN, AND BEHOLDING
THE ROSES SMILING, AND THE CUP
FILLED WITH WINE, FLEW TO MY EAR
AND SANG, “BE ADVISED FRIEND,
THERE IS NO RECALLING THE VAN-
ISHED LIFE.”

HE WHO HAS LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE EARTH, OF THE WHEEL OF THE HEAVENS, WHAT WOUNDS HAS HE NOT HOLLOVED OUT IN THE UNHAPPY HEART OF MAN ! WHAT RUBY-COLOURED LIPS HAS HE NOT BURIED IN THIS LITTLE GLOBE OF EARTH ? WHAT MUSK-SCENTED TRESSES HAS HE NOT HIDDEN IN THE BOSOM OF THE DUST ?

KHAYYAM, YOUR BODY IS LIKE UNTO A TENT, THE SOUL THEREOF IS THE SULTAN, AND HIS LAST HOME IS NOTHINGNESS. WHEN THE SULTAN QUILTS HIS PAVILION, THE FATAL FER-RASH STRIKES IT, TO SET IT UP AT ANOTHER STAGE.

EACH DROP OF WINE WHICH THE CUP-BEARER POURS INTO THE CUP WILL QUENCH THE FIRE OF GRIEF IN THY BURNING EYES. IS IT NOT SAID, O GREAT GOD, THAT WINE IS AN ELIXIR WHICH DRIVES AWAY ALL THE SORROWS THAT WEIGH DOWN THE HEART ?

LVIII

WHEN THE VIOLET HAS DYED HER
VEIL, WHEN THE ZEPHYR HAS MADE
THE ROSES EXPAND THEIR LEAVES,
THEN HE WHO IS WISE WILL DRINK
WINE WITH A COMPANION WHOSE BODY
IS WHITE AS SILVER, AND TURN
DOWN THE CUP UPON THE EARTH.

THE DEVOUT MAN CAN NEVER VALUE
THE DIVINE MERCY AS WE DO. A
STRANGER CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND
THEE LIKE THINE OWN FAMILIAR
FRIEND. THOU SAYEST, "IF THOU
SINNEST, I WILL SEND THEE TO
HELL." GO, TELL THAT TO ONE WHO
KNOWETH THEE NOT.

O ! MY HEART, ACT AS IF ALL THE
WEALTH OF THIS WORLD WERE THINE
—THINK THAT THIS HOUSE IS FUR-
NISHED WITH ALL THINGS, THAT IT IS
ADORNED SUMPTUOUSLY ; AND PASS THY
LIFE JOYFULLY IN THIS DISTRACTED
SPHERE. SAY TO THYSELF THAT THOU
RESTEST HERE FOR BUT A FEW DAYS,
AND WILT THEN ARISE AND DEPART.

LIX

THE DAYS OF OUR ABIDING ON THIS EARTH ARE WORTHLESS WITHOUT WINE AND THE CUP-BEARER, WORTHLESS WITHOUT THE SOFT MELODIES OF IRAM'S LUTE. I HAVE STUDIED CLOSELY THE COURSE OF EARTHLY THINGS, AND I KNOW THAT JOY AND PLEASURE ALONE ARE DEAR, ALL ELSE IS WORTHLESS.

DRAWN ALONG BY THE FLYING FEET OF TIME, WHICH ONLY BESTOWS ITS GIFTS ON THE LEAST WORTHY, MY LIFE IS OVERWHELMED WITH PAIN AND TRAVAIL. IN THE GARDEN OF MANKIND MY HEART IS CLOSED UP LIKE THE BUD OF A ROSE, AND LIKE A TULIP IT IS DRENCHED WITH BLOOD.

KHAYYAM, WHO SEWED THE TENTS OF LEARNING, HAS FALLEN SUDDENLY INTO THE CRATER OF DESPAIR, AND THERE LIES CALCINED. THE KNIFE OF FATE HAS CUT HIS BEING'S THREAD, AND THE IMPATIENT WORLD HAS SOLD HIM FOR A SONG.

IN SPRING TIME I LOVE TO SIT IN
THE MEADOW WITH A PARAMOUR PER-
FECT AS A HOURI AND A GOODLY
JAR OF WINE, AND THOUGH I MAY BE
BLAMED FOR THIS, YET HOLD ME
LOWER THAN A DOG IF EVER I DREAM
OF PARADISE.

SWEET IS IT TO DRINK RED WINE
IN A FAIR CUP. SWEET IT IS TO HEAR
THE WEDDED MELODIES OF LUTES
AND HARPS. THE FANATIC WHO RECKS
NOT OF THE JOYS OF A CUP OF WINE
IS PLEASING ONLY WHEN HE IS A
THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM US.

GET THYSELF DANCING GIRLS, WINE,
AND A MISTRESS AS FAIR AS THE
HOURIS, IF INDEED THERE BE HOURIS,
OR SEEK OUT A LIMPID STREAM GUSH-
ING BY A MEADOW, IF ANY MEADOW
BE, AND ASK FOR NO BETTER LOT.
VEX YOURSELF NO MORE WITH AN
EXTINGUISHED HELL, FOR TRULY
THERE IS NO OTHER PARADISE THAN
THIS, IF ANY PARADISE THERE BE.

LXI

BE ON YOUR GUARD, MY FRIEND,
FOR YOU WILL BE SUNDERED FROM
YOUR SOUL, YOU WILL PASS BEHIND
THE CURTAIN OF THE SECRETS OF
HEAVEN. DRINK WINE, FOR YOU KNOW
NOT WHENCE YOU COME. BE MERRY,
FOR YOU KNOW NOT WHERE YOU GO.

ALTHOUGH THE CALL OF DUTY HAS
LED MY FEET TO THE MOSQUE, IT IS
NOT TRULY TO LIFT UP MY VOICE IN
PRAYER. I STOLE ONE DAY FROM
THERE A CARPET, AND SINCE THIS
IS WORN OUT, I HAVE COME HERE
AGAIN AND AGAIN.

LET US NO LONGER ALLOW THE
CARES OF THIS WORLD TO OPPRESS
OUR SOULS. LET US GIVE OURSELVES
UP ENTIRELY TO DRINKING WINE.
PURE LIMPID AND ROSE-COLOURED.
WINE, OH, MY FRIEND, IS THE BLOOD
OF THE WORLD, AND THE WORLD IS
OUR MURDERER; HOW CAN WE THEN
REFRAIN FROM DRINKING THE BLOOD
OF HIM WHO HAS SPILT OURS?

LXII

THERE CAME A VOICE AT DAWNING
FROM THE WINE-SHOP, CRYING, "ARISE,
YE HAUNTERS OF THE TAVERN-DIVAN,
ARISE, AND FILL THE CANNIKIN BEFORE
FATE COMES TO FILL THE CUP OF
YOUR BEING."

O, MY SOUL! DRINK THIS DIVINE
NECTAR WHICH HATH NOT BEEN
STIRRED: DRINK TO THE MEMORY OF
THE ENCHANTING IDOLS WHO ENSLAVE
THE HEART OF MAN. WINE IS THE
BLOOD OF THE GRAPE, MY BELOVED,
AND THE VINE SAYS TO THEE, "DRINK
OF IT, SINCE I HAVE PLACED IT UNDER
THY CONTROL."

IN THE SEASON OF FLOWERS, DRINK
WINE THE COLOUR OF ROSES, DRINK
TO THE PLAINTIVE NOTES OF THE
FLUTE, AND THE MELODIOUS SOUND
OF THE HARP. I FOR MY PART DRINK
THEREOF AND REJOICE, AND IT IS
CONGENIAL TO ME. IF THOU WILT
NOT DRINK, WHAT IS THAT TO ME?
GO, THEN, AND EAT STONES.

LXIII

WHEN THE MEMORY OF MY OFFENCES COMETH TO MY MIND, THE FIRE, WHICH IN FORMER DAYS BURNT IN MY HEART NOW COVERS MY FACE WITH SHAME. HOWEVER, IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT A GENEROUS MASTER WILL PARDON THE SLAVE WHO REPENTETH.

OH, MY SOUL, THOU AND I TOGETHER ARE LIKE UNTO A COMPASS. WE FORM BUT ONE BODY, HAVING TWO POINTS. TRULY, WE MOVE BUT FROM THE ONE POINT, AND MAKE THE ROUND OF THE CIRCLE ; BUT THE DAY COMETH, AND IS NOT FAR OFF, WHEN THE TWO POINTS MUST REUNITE.

AT THE FIRST, LIFE WAS GIVEN UNTO ME WITHOUT MY CONSENT, THEREFORE MY OWN EXISTENCE FILLED ME WITH ASTONISHMENT. FINALLY, WITH REGRET WE LAPSE OUT OF THIS WORLD, UNDERSTANDING NEITHER THE PURPOSE OF OUR COMING, OUR STAY, NOR OUR DEPARTURE.

LXIV

I AM A REBELLIOUS SLAVE : WHERE IS THY WILL ? MY HEART IS DEFILED WITH SINS : WHERE IS THY LIGHT ? WHERE IS THY CONTROL ? IF THOU WILT ONLY BESTOW PARADISE ON THOSE WHO OBEY THY LAWS IT IS A DEBT WHICH THOU PAYEST, AND WHERE THEN IS THY MERCY ?

BELIEVE NOT THAT I FEAR THE WORLD, OR THAT THE THOUGHT OF DEATH AND THE DEPARTURE OF MY SOUL FILLS ME WITH TERROR. SINCE DEATH IS A TRUTH, WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR FROM IT ? ALL THAT I FEAR IS, THAT MY LIFE HAS NOT BEEN WELL SPENT.

I WOULD SELL THE DIADEM OF THE KHAN, THE CROWN OF THE KING, TO PURCHASE THE SONG OF THE FLUTE GIRL. LET US SELL THE TURBAN, YEA, AND THE GARMENT OF SILK, FOR A CUP OF WINE ; LET US SELL THE CHAPLET WHICH ALONE CONTAINS A MULTITUDE OF HYPOCRISY.

WHEN THE TREE OF MY EXISTENCE
IS UPROOTED, WHEN MY MEMBERS
ARE SCATTERED, LET THEM MAKE
PITCHERS OF MY DUST, AND LET
THEM FILL THE PITCHERS WITH WINE ;
THUS SHALL THE DUST BE QUICKENED
AGAIN.

OH THOU BEFORE WHOSE EYES SIN
IS OF NO MOMENT, SAY TO HIM WHO
HAS THE WISDOM TO ANNOUNCE
THIS GREAT TRUTH, THAT TO THE
MIND OF THE PHILOSOPHER IT IS THE
CROWN OF FOLLY TO MAKE THE
DIVINE PRESCIENCE THE SUPPORT OF
SIN.

O MY FRIEND, COME HITHER, LET
US FORGET TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW,
AND STEAL THIS ONE SHORT HOUR OF
LIFE. WHEN TO-MORROW WE SHALL
HAVE ABANDONED THIS OLD DWELLING-
PLACE, WE SHALL BECOME THE CON-
TEMPORARIES OF ALL THOSE WHO
DEPARTED HENCE FOR THE LAST SEVEN
THOUSAND YEARS.

THIS WORLD HAS GAINED NOTHING BY MY SOJOURN HERE BELOW, AND ITS GLORY AND GREATNESS WILL NOT BE LESSENED BY MY DEPARTURE. I HAVE NEVER HEARD WITH MY EARS, AND HAVE NEVER BEEN TOLD BY ANY-ONE THE REASON OF MY COMING OR GOING.

ALL HIDDEN THINGS ARE KNOWN TO THE ETERNAL WISDOM, WHO NUMBERETH EVERY HAIR OF OUR HEAD, AND HATH FASHIONED ALL OUR MEMBERS. BY HYPOCRISY THOU CANST DECEIVE MANKIND, BUT HOW WILT THOU DECEIVE THE ALL-KNOWING?

WINE GIVETH WINGS TO THE HEAVY-HEARTED. WINE IS A MOLE ON THE CHEEK OF WISDOM. WE HAVE NOT DRUNK OF IT DURING THE RAMAZAN WHICH HAS FLED, BUT BEHOLD NOW THE NIGHT OF THE MONTH OF THE DRINKING OF WINE HAS ARRIVED.

LXVII

SEE THAT THOU ART NEVER LEFT WITHOUT WINE, FOR IT IS WINE WHICH FILLS THE HEART OF MAN WITH WISDOM AND WITH KNOWLEDGE OF RELIGION. IF THE DEVIL HAD TASTED ONE DROP THEREOF, HE WOULD HAVE ADORED ADAM, AND WOULD HAVE BOWED HIMSELF DOWN BEFORE HIM TWO THOUSAND TIMES.

ARISE, AND STRIKE THE EARTH WITH THY FEET, WHILE WE ACCOMPANY THEE WITH OUR HANDS. LET US DRINK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WITH LANGUOROUS NARCISSUS EYES. GLADNESS BEGINNETH NOT BUT WITH THE TWENTIETH CUP, AND IT IS WONDERFULLY ROUNDED WHEN ONE HAS COME TO THE SIXTIETH.

NEVER DESPAIR, FOR ALL THY SINS, OF THE DIVINE MERCY OF THE MERCIFUL MASTER, FOR IF YOU WERE TO DIE TO-DAY, DEAD DRUNK, TO-MORROW HE WOULD PARDON YOUR CORRUPTED BONES.

LXVIII

TAKE THE CUP IN YOUR HAND, AND
LIFT UP YOUR VOICE IN THE CHOIR
OF THE NIGHTINGALES, FOR IF IT
WERE SEEMLY TO DRINK THE BLOOD
OF THE VINE WITH NO SWEET CON-
CORD OF HARMONIOUS SOUND, THE
WINE ITSELF WOULD MAKE NO SOUND
IN GURGLING FROM THE FLAGON.

I HAVE CLOSED MY HEART AGAINST
COVETOUSNESS, AND I AM THUS
RELEASED FROM MY DEBT BOTH TO
THOSE WHO ARE MEN, AND THOSE
WHO DESERVE NOT THAT NAME, BUT
SINCE THERE EXISTETH ONLY ONE
FRIEND WHO WILL HOLD ME BY THE
HAND, I AM WHAT I AM ; TO HIM ALONE
DO I RENDER ACCOUNT.

O WHEEL OF HEAVEN, THY REVOLV-
ING COURSE DISPLEASES ME. SET ME
FREE, THEREFORE, FOR I AM UNWORTHY
OF THY YOKE. IF THY PURPOSE AL-
WAYS HOLDS TO GRANT THY FAVOURS
ONLY TO THE FOOLS IN THEIR FOLLY,
I AM NOT OVER-WISE NOR OVER-LEARNED.

LXIX

GOD HATH PROMISED US WINE IN PARADISE. THEREFORE, HOW CAN IT BE DENIED TO US IN THIS WORLD? AN ARAB, A PREY TO DRUNKENNESS, ONE DAY SEVERED WITH HIS SWORD THE LEGS OF A CERTAIN CAMEL. IT IS FOR THIS CAUSE, THAT THE PROPHET HAS DECLARED WINE FORBIDDEN.

SINCE, OF ALL THY PAST DELIGHTS, THERE REMAINETH TO THEE ONLY THE MEMORY, SINCE THE ONLY FAITHFUL FRIEND REMAINING TO THEE IS THE WINE-CUP, SINCE IN TRUTH IT IS THY ONLY POSSESSION, REJOICE THEREFORE IN IT, AND LET NOT THE CUP ESCAPE FROM THY HANDS.

IN THIS MAD WORLD OF MEDLEY, MAKE HASTE TO PICK SOME FLOWERS. SIT IN THE HIGH PLACES OF LAUGHTER, AND PRESS THE CUP TO YOUR LIPS. HEAVEN IS HEEDLESS ALIKE OF SIN OR SERVICE, SO MAKE MERRY AFTER YOUR HEART'S DESIRE.

LXX

MY LOVE HAS TOUCHED THE TOP-MOST OF ITS FLAME. THE BEAUTY OF HER WHO HOLDS MY HEART IN THRALL IS BEYOND PRAISE. MY HEART SPEAKS, BUT MY TONGUE, MADE MUTE, REFUSES UTTERANCE TO MY THOUGHTS. HIGH HEAVEN, WAS AUGHT EVER SEEN SO STRANGE! I AM RACKED WITH THIRST, AND YET A FRESH COOL STREAM FLOWS BEFORE ME.

MAY THE TAVERN ALWAYS BE THROGGED WITH REVELLERS, MAY FIRE CONSUME THE SKIRTS OF THE SAINTLY, MAY THEIR ROBES FALL IN RAGS, MAY THEIR BLUE GOWNS BE TRAMPLED UNDER THE TOPER'S FEET.

I AM MORE INDUSTRIOUS THAN THEE, THOU SAGE OF THE TOWN. THOUGH I BE DRUNK, I AM BETTER THAN THEE, FOR THOU DRINKEST HUMAN BLOOD, AND I THE BLOOD OF THE VINE. BE JUST AND PRONOUNCE WHICH OF US TWO IS THE MOST SANGUINARY.

LXXI

ALAS ! HOW LONG THE TIME WILL BE WHEN WE ARE NO LONGER IN THIS WORLD, AND THE WORLD WILL STILL EXIST. THERE WILL REMAIN OF US NEITHER FAME, NOR TRACE. THE WORLD WAS NOT IMPERFECT BEFORE WE CAME INTO IT—IT WILL BE IN NO WISE CHANGED WHEN WE ARE DEPARTED HENCE.

HOW LONG WILL YOU REMAIN THE DUPE OF THIS WORLD'S DELICATE DYES AND ODOURS? WHEN WILL YOU CEASE FROM VEXING ABOUT THE GOOD AND THE BAD? WERE YOU THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, WERE YOU THE VERY WATER OF LIFE ITSELF, THAT SHOULD NOT SAVE YOU FROM SINKING INTO THE BOSOM OF THE EARTH.

OUR BEING MUST BE EFFACED FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE, WE MUST EXPIRE IN THE ARMS OF DEATH. OH, ENCHANTING CUP-BEARER, BRING ME THE LIQUOR JOYFULLY, SINCE I MUST BECOME EARTH.

ON THE DAY WHEN THE JUICE OF THE GRAPE DOES NOT TURN MY BRAIN, THIS WORLD HAS NOTHING TO GIVE BUT THAT WHICH IS POISON TO ME. YES, THE MISERY OF THIS WRETCHED WORLD IS A POISON—WINE IS ITS ONLY ANTIDOTE. TO ESCAPE THEN FROM THE TERROR OF THE POISON, I WILL TAKE THE ANTIDOTE.

BEHOLD THE LITTLE HANDFUL OF FOOLS, WHO HOLD THE WORLD IN THEIR HANDS, AND WHO IN THEIR SIMPLE FOLLY THINK THEMSELVES THE WISEST OF THE WISE. VEX NOT YOURSELF, FOR IN THEIR SNUG CONTENT THEY CALL ALL MEN HERETICS WHO ARE NOT OF A KINDRED FOLLY.

ABANDON THYSELF TO ENJOYMENT, FOR SORROW IS WITHOUT END. THE STARS WILL ASSEMBLE IN THE HEAVENS IN THEIR FORMER COURSES, AND OF THE BRICKS WHICH THEY MAKE FROM THY BODY WILL THEY BUILD PALACES FOR OTHERS.

LXXIII

HOW LONG WILL THE UNRIGHTEOUS DEEDS OF OTHERS COVER OUR FACE WITH SHAME? HOW LONG SHALL WE BE CONSUMED IN THE FURNACE OF THIS VAIN WORLD? ARISE—AND LIKE A MAN CAST ASIDE THIS WORLD'S SADNESS. TO-DAY AT LEAST IS A DAY OF REJOICING—COME, LET US DRINK ROSE-COLOURED WINE.

I WAGE A WARFARE WITHOUT END AGAINST MY PASSIONS, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? THE REMEMBRANCE OF MY INIQUITIES IS LIKE A SORE BURDEN, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I BELIEVE TRULY, THAT IN THY MERCY THOU WILT BLOT OUT MY SINS. BUT THE KNOWLEDGE THAT MY DISHONOUR IS NOT HID FROM THEE REMAINETH—WHAT CAN I DO?

THOSE WHO HAVE TROD THE WORLD BENEATH THEIR FEET, WHO HAVE WANDERED OVER THE WORLD IN THE PURSUIT OF GAIN, HAVE NEVER LEARNED THE LIVING TRUTH OF LIFE.

LXXIV

THE DAY WHEN THE CELESTIAL STEED OF GOLDEN STARS WAS SADDLED, WHEN THE PROUD PLANETS AND THE CONSTELLATIONS WERE CREATED—FROM THAT SAME DAY THE DIVAN OF FATE DECREED OUR LOT. HOW THEN CAN WE BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE SINCE OURS IS THE POSITION THAT HAS BEEN MADE FOR US?

MY SOUL IS OFTEN MADE SORROWFUL BY THE MOVEMENT OF THE WHEEL OF THE SKIES. I STRUGGLE AGAINST MY VILE NATURE. OH! THAT I HAD WISDOM ENOUGH TO HIDE MYSELF FOREVER FROM THIS WORLD, OR UNDERSTANDING TO LIVE THEREIN, WITHOUT ALLOWING IT TO POSSESS MY HEART!

WOE'S ME FOR THE BEST THAT SLIPS BETWEEN OUR FINGERS; WOE'S ME FOR ALL THE HEARTS THAT DEATH HAS DROWNED IN BLOOD; WOE'S ME THAT NONE RETURN FROM THE HITHER WORLD WITH TALES OF THOSE WHO HAVE DEPARTED THENCE.

THAT WHICH RENEWS OUR YOUTH IS WINE: IT IS THE LIVING JUICE OF THE VINE, AND THE COMPANY OF THE FAIR. AND SINCE IT WAS BY WATER THAT THIS WORLD OF NOTHINGNESS WAS BROUGHT TO DESTRUCTION, ALL THAT IS LEFT FOR US IS TO DESTROY OURSELVES WITH WINE, AND TO PASS OUR LIFE IN DELICATE DRUNKENNESS.

ALAS, THE SEASON OF MY YOUTH DECAYS, THE KINDLY SPRING OF OUR DELIGHTS GOES BY, AND THAT DELIGHTFUL BIRD, WHOSE NAME IS YOUTH, HAS FLOWN. IT CAME, I KNOW NOT WHENCE, AND GOES, I KNOW NOT WHITHER.

WHEN I AM DEAD, SMOOTH MY TOMB DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF THE EARTH WITHOUT DELAY, AND MAKE ME IN THIS WISE AN EXAMPLE TO MANKIND. THEN KNEAD THE ASHES OF MY BODY WITH WINE, AND MAKE THEREOF THE COVER OF A JAR.

LXXVI

BRING HITHER THE CAPTAIN RUBY
IN A CUP OF CRYSTAL, BRING HITHER
THE DESIRED AND BELOVED OF ALL
GENEROUS MEN. SINCE THOU KNOW-
EST THAT ALL THE DWELLERS ON
THE EARTH ARE BUT DUST, AND THAT
WHEN THE WIND PASSETH OVER THEM
THEY ARE NO MORE, BRING HITHER
THE WINE.

OH THOU, WHOM ALL CREATION
SEEKETH IN MADNESS AND DESPAIR,
THE DERVISH AND THE RICH MAN
ALIKE FIND NO WAY TO REACH UNTO
THEE. THY NAME IS IN THE MOUTH
OF ALL MEN, BUT ALL ARE DEAF.
THOU ART PRESENT TO ALL EYES,
BUT ALL ARE BLIND.

HOW LONG WILL YOU UTTER THESE
VAIN COMPLAININGS AGAINST THE
ORDER OF THE EARTH? ARISE, AND
MAKE EVERY MOMENT INSTINCT WITH
JOY. WHILE THE WORLD OFFERS SO
MANY SMILING MEADOWS, DRINK YOUR
CRIMSON WINE FROM A BRIMMING CUP.

LXXVII

WHEN YOU FIND YOURSELF IN THE
FELLOWSHIP OF SOME CYPRESS-SLEN-
DER GIRL, MORE TENDER-TINTED THAN
THE EARLY ROSE, DO NOT HOLD ALOOF
FROM THE FLOWERS OF THE MEADOW,
DO NOT LET THE CUP FALL FROM
YOUR HAND BEFORE THE ANGEL OF
DEATH, LIKE UNTO THE WILD WIND
THAT SCATTERS ABROAD THE ROSE-
LEAVES, TEARS ASUNDER THE VEIL OF
THY EXISTENCE.

THAT HIGH AND OMINOUS WHEEL
WHOSE TRADE IT IS TO PLAY THE
TYRANT HAS NEVER SOLVED FOR ANY-
ONE THE KNOT OF ANY PERPLEXITY.
WHERE'ER IT SEES A BLEEDING HEART
IT SPEEDS TO GRIND UPON THE OPEN
WOUND.

THIS VAULT OF HEAVEN UNDER
WHICH WE MOVE IN A VAIN SHADOW,
MAY BE LIKENED UNTO A LANTERN;
THE SUN IS THE FOCUS, AND WE, LIKE
THE FIGURES, LIVE THERE IN AMAZE-
MENT.

LXXVIII

THIS MOCKING WORLD HOLDS NAUGHT
BUT SHADOWS AND PHANTASMS. HE IS
INDEED UNLUCKY WHO LOSES HIS WAY
IN THE CROWD THEREOF. REST,
FRIEND, DRINK THY WINE, OPEN THY
HEART TO MIRTH, AND FREE YOUR-
SELF THUS FROM ALL THESE SHADOWS
AND PHANTASMS.

DO NOT SUFFER VAIN THOUGHTS TO
ENTER THE GATE OF YOUR MIND.
DRINK WHILE THE YEARS DRIVE BY,
LET THE CUP BE ALWAYS FULL TO
THE LIPS. PAY YOUR COURT TO THE
DAUGHTER OF THE VINE, AND BE
GLAD, FOR IT IS BETTER TO ENJOY
THE FORBIDDEN DAUGHTER THAN THE
PERMITTED MOTHER.

NOT ONCE HAS THE WHEEL OF THE
HEAVENS BEEN FAVOURABLE TO ME.
NEVER FOR ONE MOMENT HAVE I LIS-
TENED TO A SWEET VOICE, NEVER FOR
ONE DAY HAVE I TASTED A FLEETING
HAPPINESS, BUT THEREFOR I HAVE BEEN
OVERWHELMED IN AN ABYSS OF WOE.

LXXIX

OH, WHAT A MISFORTUNE THAT IT IS THE IGNORANT OR INEXPERIENCED WHO POSSESS THE BREAD WELL BAKED—THE INCOMPLETE, WHO POSSESS COMPLETE RICHES ! THE EYES OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ARE THE JOY OF THE HEART, AND IT IS MERE KNAVES AND SLAVES WHO ARE THEIR OWNERS.

O, KHAYYAM, ALTHOUGH INDEED THE WHEEL OF HEAVEN, IN SETTING ITS TENT, HAS CLOSED THE DOOR TO DISCUSSIONS, NEVERTHELESS THE ETERNAL CUP-BEARER HAS FORMED IN THE CUP OF CREATION A THOUSAND OTHER KHAYYAMS, LIKE UNTO THEE.

THE DAY WHEN I SHALL NO LONGER BE KNOWN TO MYSELF, AND WHEN THEY SPEAK OF ME AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD : THEN MY HEART'S DESIRE IS THAT FROM MY ASHES MAY BE FORMED A WINE JAR FOR THE TAVERN.

THOU HAST FASHIONED ME OF WATER AND CLAY ; HOW THEN CAN I ALTER IT ? WHETHER I BE MADE OF WOOL OR OF SILK, IT IS THOU WHO HAST WOVEN ; HOW THEN CAN I ALTER IT ? THOU HAST PREDESTINED MY GOOD AND EVIL DEEDS—HOW CAN I ALTER IT ?

THOSE MIGHTY AND POMPOUS LORDS, SO ORGULOUS IN THEIR ESTATES, ARE SO DEVoured BY CARE AND SORROW THAT LIFE IS BECOME A BITTER BURTHEN. YET, MARVELLOUS TO NOTE, THEY WILL NOT HAIL WITH THE NAME OF MAN THOSE WHO ARE NOT, AS THEY ARE, THE SLAVES OF THEIR PASSIONS.

BEHOLD, WE HAVE FLED, AND THE SEASON SIGHS FOR OUR GOING ; FOR OUT OF A HUNDRED PEARLS, BUT ONE IS THRIDDED. ALAS, IT IS OWING TO THE IGNORANCE OF MANKIND THAT A HUNDRED THOUSAND NOBLE THOUGHTS REMAIN UNUTTERED.

LXXXI

WITH A BELOVED FRIEND FOR MY COMPANION, THAT WHICH DELIGHTS ME IS A CUP OF WINE. WHEN MY HEART IS BRIMMED WITH GRIEF, MY EYES FLOW A FOUNTAIN OF TEARS. ALAS, SINCE THIS WRETCHED WORLD IS FOR US OF SHORT DURATION, ALL THAT IS LEFT FOR US IS TO PASS OUR LIFE IN DRUNKENNESS.

AN EARTHLY LOVE CAN SELDOM INSPIRE PERFECTION. IT IS LIKE A HALF EXTINCT FIRE WHICH NO LONGER GIVES FORTH HEAT. HE WHO LOVETH IN TRUTH, SHOULD NOT KNOW REST, OR FOOD, OR SLEEP, THROUGH MONTHS, OR THROUGH YEARS, BY DAY, OR BY NIGHT.

ONE CUP OF WINE IS WORTH A HUNDRED HEARTS, A HUNDRED FAITHS; ONE DROP OF WINE IS OF MORE VALUE THAN THE EMPIRE OF KINGS! WHAT IS THERE IN TRUTH TO BE NAMED BEFORE IT? ITS BITTERNESS IS BEYOND ALL THE SWEETS OF LIFE.

HOW MANY MEN DO I BEHOLD
PLUNGED IN THE SLEEP OF IGNO-
RANCE UPON THE EARTH, HOW MANY
ALREADY BURIED IN ITS BOSOM!
WHEN I CAST MY EYES OVER THIS
DESERT OF NOTHINGNESS, HOW MANY
SOULS DO I SEE WHO HAVE NOT YET
ARRIVED — HOW MANY WHO HAVE
ALREADY DEPARTED!

SEEING THAT THY MERCY IS VOUCH-
SAFED TO ME, I HAVE NO FEAR FOR
MY INIQUITIES ; SINCE THOU POSSESSEST
ALL GOODNESS, I NEED NOT BE
ANXIOUS TO PROVIDE MYSELF FOR THE
JOURNEY. THE LEAVES OF THE
BOOK HAVE NO TERRORS FOR ME,
SINCE THY CLEMENCY HAS CLEARED
MY COUNTENANCE.

YESTERDAY I BEHELD AT THE BAZAAR
A POTTER SMITING WITH ALL HIS FORCE
THE CLAY HE WAS KNEADING. THE
EARTH SEEMED TO CRY OUT TO HIM,
“I ALSO WAS SUCH AS THOU—TREAT
ME THEREFORE LESS HARSHLY.”

LXXXIII

SINCE THOU OWNEST ONLY THAT WHICH HATH BEEN VOUCHSAFED TO THEE, LET NOT THY HEART BE GIVEN OVER TO COVETOUSNESS. FIX NOT THY AFFECTIONS ON THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD, FOR AT THE END OF THE PLAY THOU WILT HAVE TO LEAVE ALL, AND CONVEY THYSELF AWAY.

TO-DAY, THE WEATHER IS PLEASANT, IT IS NEITHER HOT NOR COLD. THE DEW WASHES THE DUST FROM THE FACE OF THE ROSES, AND THE NIGHTINGALE CRIETH TO THE YELLOW FLOWERS, SAYING, "YE MUST DRINK WINE."

MAY I ALWAYS HOLD IN MY HAND A BRIMMING FLAGON ! MAY MY LOVE NEVER WANE FOR THOSE FAIR GIRLS, LIKE UNTO HOURIS. FOLK SAY, GOD BIDS YOU RENOUNCE THESE JOYS, BUT IF HE GAVE ME SUCH AN ORDER, I SHOULD NOT OBEY IT. PERISH THE THOUGHT !

LXXXIV

THE WHEEL OF THE HEAVENS ONLY INCREASETH OUR WOES BEYOND MEASURE. SHE GIVETH NOTHING TO US HERE THAT SHE DOES NOT AS SOON SNATCH AWAY. OH, IF THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET COME INTO THE WORLD DID BUT KNOW THE MISERIES WHICH AWAIT THEM, TRULY THEY WOULD NEVER COME.

AT THE MOMENT WHEN MY SOUL SHALL BE DELIVERED FROM DEATH, WHEN MY MEMBERS SHALL BE SCATTERED FROM THE TREE OF MY LIFE LIKE DRY LEAVES BEFORE THE WIND, O, THEN, WITH WHAT JOY I SHALL PASS OUT OF THIS WORLD THROUGH A SIEVE, BEFORE MY OWN DUST IS PASSED THROUGH IT BY THE BUILDER.

BEHOLD THE DAWN ; ARISE, O BEARDLESS LAD, AND FILL WITH RUDDY WINE THE CLEAR VESSEL, FOR YOU MAY SEEK HEREAFTER, AND SEEK IN VAIN, THIS FAIR HOUR WHICH THIS WORLD OF SHADOWS LENDS YOU.

LXXXV

THOSE WHO BY THEIR LEARNING
ARE THE ELECT OF THE WORLD, WHO
BY THEIR INTELLECT CLIMB THE
HEIGHTS OF HEAVEN, THOSE WHO
SCALE THE FIRMAMENT IN THEIR
SEARCH AFTER THE THINGS OF DIVINE
WISDOM, LOSE THEIR WITS, SEIZED
WITH DIZZINESS AND ALL AMAZEMENT.

WHEN YOU DRINK, DRINK WITH A
WITTY FELLOWSHIP, DRINK WITH FAIR
WOMEN WITH SMILING LIPS AND
TULIP-TINTED CHEEKS. DRINK NOT
TOO DEEP, DO NOT BABBLE ABOUT IT.
DO NOT MAKE IT A CATCH WORD;
DRINK, BUT DRINK DISCREETLY, AND
IN SECRET.

LET NOT THE CONSTANT MAN FOR-
SWEAR THE JUICE OF THE VINE, FOR
WINE CONTAINS ALL THE VIRTUE OF
THE VERY WATER OF LIFE. IF ANY-
ONE WILL RENOUNCE HIS WINE DURING
THE MONTH OF RAMAZAN, LET HIM
AT LEAST ALSO RENOUNCE THE RECI-
TATION OF HIS PRAYERS.

LXXXVI

DO NOT FORSWEAR THE JUICE OF THE VINE IF YOU HAVE ANY STORE THEREOF. FOR MANY A REPENTING SIGN WILL FOLLOW SUCH A SACRIFICE. THE ROSES SHED THEIR PETALS, THE NIGHTINGALES CAST THEIR SONGS ABROAD UPON THE AIR : WOULD IT BE WISE IN SUCH AN HOUR TO FORSWEAR THE FLAGON?

TO-MORROW I SHALL HAVE LEAPED OVER THE MOUNTAIN WHICH DIVIDETH US, AND SHALL SEIZE THE CUP IN MY HAND WITH SURPASSING JOY. MY BE-LOVED IS GRACIOUS, THE HOUR IS FAIR AND FAVOURING. IF I HASTEN NOT TO REJOICE IN THIS MOMENT, WHEN SHALL I KNOW JOY AND GLADNESS?

THEY TELL US OF A PARADISE, PEOPLED WITH HOURIS, FLOWING WITH WINE AND HONEY. THEN MUST IT BE LAWFUL TO LOVE WINE AND WOMEN HERE, SINCE SUCH IS THE GOAL TO WHICH OUR EXISTENCE TENDS.

LXXXVII

SO LONG AS THE FRIEND REFUSES
TO POUR FOR ME THE SOUL-INSPIRING
WINE, SO LONG AS THE SKIES REFUSE
TO SHOWER A THOUSAND KISSES ON
MY FACE AND FEET, SO LONG WILL IT
BE IDLE, WHEN THE HOLY MONTH IS
AT HAND, TO BID ME GIVE MY FLAGON
THE GO-BY. HOW CAN I RENOUNCE
IT WHEN GOD HAS NOT SO ORDERED
ME ?

THE VERY HILLS WOULD LEAP FOR
JOY DID YOU BUT WASH THEIR STEEPS
WITH WINE. ONLY A FOOL IS SCORN-
FUL OF THE FLAGON. YOU WHO BID
ME RENOUNCE THE JUICE OF THE
VINE, LEARN THAT WINE IS THE SOUL,
THE COMPLEMENT OF MAN.

IN THE WAYS OF THE SOUL THOU
MUST WALK WITH UNDERSTANDING.
ABOUT THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD
THOU MUST KEEP SILENCE. THOUGH
THOU HAST EARS, EYES, AND TONGUE,
THOU MUST BE AS IF THOU HADST
THEM NOT.

LXXXVIII

DRINK YOUR WINE IN THE FELLOWSHIP OF THOSE SLENDER BEINGS, THE CRIMSON OF WHOSE CHEEKS DISTURBS THE HEART. FRIEND, WHEN YOU ARE BITTEN BY THE SERPENT OF SORROW, DRINK THE ANTIDOTE. FOR MY PART I DRINK AND I BOAST THEREOF, MAY IT PROVE GOOD TO ME. IF YOU WILL NOT DRINK, WHAT WOULD YOU THAT I SHOULD DO? GO, FOOL, AND EAT THE EARTH.

HE WHO, IN THIS WORLD, POSSESSES HALF A LOAF AND CAN SHELTER HIMSELF IN ANY NEST, HE WHO IS NEITHER THE MASTER, OR SLAVE OF ANY MAN, TELL HIM HIS LOT IS SWEET AND TRANQUIL, AND HE SHOULD LIVE CONTENT THEREIN.

SOMETIMES THE DRAUGHT OF OUR LIFE IS CLEAR, SOMETIMES TURBID. SOMETIMES OUR ROBES ARE WOOL, SOMETIMES OF SILK. ALL THAT IS OF NO MOMENT TO THE ENLIGHTENED SOUL; BUT IS IT NO MOMENT TO DIE?

LXXXIX

THE GREATEST WISDOM CONSISTS IN DRAWING THE DELIGHT OF OUR HEARTS FROM THE WINE FLAGON ; LETTING NOT OUR THOUGHTS DWELL ON THE PRESENT OR THE PAST ; AND FINALLY IN RELEASING, IF BUT FOR A MOMENT, FROM THE BONDS OF REASON, THIS SOUL WHICH GROANS IN THIS PRISON-HOUSE WHEREIN IT IS FOR A TIME ENCLOSED.

IF YOU ARE INDEED MY FRIENDS, SILENCE YOUR VAIN DISCOURSE, AND SOFTEN MY SORROWS BY FILLING MY CUP WITH WINE. WHEN I AM TURNED TO DUST, MOULD OF MY DUST A BRICK, AND PLACE THAT BRICK IN SOME GAP IN THE WALLS OF A TAVERN.

NO MAN HAS PIERCED THE SECRETS OF THE CAUSE. NO MAN HAS EVER PASSED A STEP OUTSIDE HIMSELF. I WATCH, AND I OBSERVE ONLY IMPERFECTION FROM THE PUPIL TO THE MASTER, IMPERFECTION IN ALL THAT IS BORN OF WOMAN.

FOLK TALK OF PARADISE WHERE
HOURIS DWELL, WHERE THE HEAVENLY
RIVER FLOWS, WHERE WINE AND
HONEY AND SUGAR ABOUND ! BAH !
FILL ME QUICK A CUP OF WINE AND
PUT IT IN MY HAND, FOR A PRESENT
PLEASURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND
FUTURE JOYS.

FROM TIME TO TIME MY HEART
SEEMS CABINED IN ITS CAGE. IT IS A
DISGRACE TO BE THUS BLENDED OF
WATER AND OF EARTH. I DREAMED
OF BREAKING DOWN THIS PRISON-
HOUSE, BUT THEN MY FOOT WOULD
SLIP ON THE STONE OF THE LAW OF
THE KORAN.

THEY TELL US THAT THE MOON OF
RAMAZAN IS CLOSE AT HAND, THAT
WE MUST FORSWEAR WINE. WELL
AND GOOD, THEN I PROPOSE AT THE
END OF THE FEAST TO DRINK SO
DEEP THAT I SHALL BE DRUNKEN TO
THE VERY END OF THE SACRED
MONTH.

XCI

THE POTTERS WHO WITHOUT CEASE
PLUNGE THEIR HANDS IN THE CLAY,
WHO GIVE ALL THEIR MIND, ALL THEIR
SKILL, TO FORM IT, HOW LONG WILL
THEY CONTINUE TO TRAMPLE IT
UNDER FOOT, TO SMITE IT WITH THEIR
HANDS? WHAT THEN ARE THEIR
THOUGHTS? DO THEY NOT CONSIDER
THAT IT IS THE MOULD OF MANKIND
THEY TREAT THUS?

DRINK, THEN, DRINK OF THE
WINE WHICH GIVETH ETERNAL LIFE.
DRINK, FOR IT IS THE FOUNTAIN OF
LIFE AND OF YOUTH. IT BURNETH
AS A FLAME, BUT LIKE UNTO THE
WATER OF LIFE IT DISPELLETH SORROW
—DRINK THEREFORE.

HAS THY EMPIRE GAINED IN GLORY
BY MY SERVICE, O LORD MY GOD; HAS
THY GRANDEUR SUFFERED AUGHT BY
MY SINS? FORGIVENESS, GOD, AND
PUNISH NOT, FOR I KNOW THAT YOU
PUNISH LATE AND PARDON EARLY.

XCII

THERE ARE THOSE WHO IN THE MADNESS OF THEIR ARROGANCE ARE FALLEN INTO THE DEPTHS OF PRIDE, OTHERS AGAIN WHO ABANDON THEMSELVES TO THE QUEST OF HOURIS AND CELESTIAL PALACES. WHEN AT LAST THE VEIL IS DRAWN IT WILL BE REVEALED THAT THEY ALL HAVE FALLEN FAR, FAR, FAR, FROM THEE.

ALAS, MY HEART CAN FIND NO COMFORT, MY SOUL IS ON THE POINT OF ESCAPING FROM MY LIPS, WITHOUT HAVING ATTAINED ITS DESIRE. ALAS ! MY LIFE HAS PASSED WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, AND THE ESSENCE OF THIS LOVE REMAINETH UNKNOWN.

SEIZE THE SPARKLING CUP IN THY HAND, AS SOON AS THE YELLOW DAY-BREAK APPEARETH. TRUTH IS SHARP, IT HAS BEEN SAID, IN THE MOUTH OF MANKIND, FOR THIS CAUSE, IT MAY BE, THAT WINE IS VERY TRUTH.

XCIH

HOW LONG WILT THOU EXPEND THY
EXISTENCE ON VAIN SELF-LOVE, OR IN
SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE OF
BEING AND OF NOT BEING? DRINK
WINE, THEN, FOR SINCE THY LIFE
MUST BE FOLLOWED BY DEATH, THOU
HADST BEST PASS IT IN SLEEP OR IN
DRUNKENNESS.

O, BELOVED, BEFORE CARE SEIZETH
THEE, BID THEM SERVE US WITH WINE
THE COLOUR OF ROSES. THOU ART NOT
MADE OF GOLD, O THOUGHTLESS FOOL,
THAT THOU SHOULDST HOPE TO BE
DUG UP AFTER THOU ART LAID IN
THE EARTH.

IT WOULD BE HARD FOR MY HAND,
FAMILIAR WITH THE FLAGON, TO
HANDLE THE KORAN, AND REST UPON
THE PULPIT. IT IS DIFFERENT WITH
YOU, YOU DUSTY DEVOTEE; AS FOR
ME, I AM A SODDEN SWILLER, AND I
DO NOT KNOW THAT FLAME CAN FIRE
FLUID.

XCIV

BE NOT DESIROUS OF THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD. IF YOU WOULD LIVE IN HAPPINESS, BREAK IN SUNDER THE BONDS WHICH HOLD YOU CAPTIVE TO EARTHLY JOYS AND SORROWS. BE CONTENT, FOR THE HEAVENS MOVE IN THEIR ACCUSTOMED COURSE, AND YOUR LIFE IS OF SHORT DURATION.

OH, MY FRIEND, WHEREFORE VEX THYSELF WITH THE PROBLEM OF EXISTENCE? WHEREFORE TROUBLE THY HEART AND THY SOUL THUS WITH IDLE QUESTIONING? LIVE THY LIFE IN JOY AND GLADNESS, FOR AFTER ALL, THY COUNSEL WAS NOT ASKED IN THE ORDERING OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.

IT IS SAID THAT THERE WILL BE JUDGMENT AT THE LAST DAY, AND THAT THE BELOVED FRIEND WILL BE ENRAGED. BUT FROM THE ETERNAL GOODNESS, GOOD ALONE CAN PROCEED. FEAR NOT, THEREFORE, FOR THOU SHALT FIND MERCY AT THE LAST.

XCV

DRINK WINE, BEFORE THY NAME
HAS VANISHED FROM THE WORLD, FOR
WHEN THAT NECTAR FLOWETH INTO
THY HEART, CARE WILL DEPART
THEREFROM. UNBIND THE TRESSES OF
THE LOVED ONE'S HAIR BEFORE THE
SINEWS OF THY OWN BONES ARE
THEMSELVES UNBOUND.

BEHOLD THE DAWN ARISES. LET
US REJOICE IN THE PRESENT MOMENT
WITH A CUP OF CRIMSON WINE IN
OUR HAND. AS FOR HONOUR AND
FAME, LET THAT FRAGILE CRYSTAL BE
DASHED TO PIECES AGAINST THE
EARTH.

NO ONE HAS EVER DRAWN ASIDE
THE VEIL OF FATE. TO NO ONE
ARE THE HIDDEN THINGS OF THE
DIVINE WISDOM MADE KNOWN. FOR
SEVENTY-TWO YEARS I HAVE THOUGHT
THEREON, BY DAY AND NIGHT,
BUT I HAVE LEARNED NOTHING,
AND THE ENIGMA REMAINETH UN-
SOLVED.

XCVI

SEE THAT THOU DRINKEST NOT THY WINE IN THE COMPANY OF SOME CLOWN, RIOTOUS, HAVING NEITHER WIT NOR MANNERS. NOUGHT BUT DISSENSIONS CAN COME OF IT. IN THE NIGHT-TIME THOU WILT SUFFER FROM HIS DRUNKENNESS, HIS CLAMOUR, AND HIS FOLLY. ON THE MORROW HIS PRAYERS AND HIS PENITENCE WILL CAUSE THY HEAD TO ACHE.

OH, WHEEL OF HEAVEN, YOU FILL MY SOUL WITH SADNESS, YOU REND MY GARB OF JOY, YOU CHANGE THE AIR I BREATHE INTO WATER, THE WATER I DRINK INTO EARTH.

ONCE THOU ART IN THE TAVERN, THOU CANST ONLY MAKE THY ABLUTIONS WITH WINE. WHEN THY NAME HATH ONCE BEEN BEFOULED THERE, THOU CANST NOT AGAIN CLEANSE IT. BRING HITHER THE WINE THEREFORE, SINCE THE COVERING OF OUR SHAME HATH BEEN TORN BEYOND REPAIR.

XCVII

WHAT DWELLER ON THIS EARTH
HAS EVER FOLDED IN HIS EMBRACE A
FAIR ONE WITH ROSE-TINTED CHEEKS,
WHO HAS NOT FIRST RECEIVED SOME
THORN IN THE HEART FROM TIME?
BEHOLD THIS COMB, BEFORE IT CAN
BE SUFFERED TO TOUCH THE SCENTED
HAIR OF BEAUTY, IT HAS TO BE
HACKED INTO A RIDGE OF TEETH.

DRINK WINE, FOR THEREIN THOU
SHALT FIND FORGETFULNESS FOR ALL
THY ANXIETIES, AND IT WILL DELIVER
THEE FROM THY MEDITATIONS ON THE
PROBLEMS OF THE EARTH. RENOUNCE
NOT THIS ALCHEMY, FOR IF THOU
DRINKEST BUT ONE MEASURE THEREOF,
IT WILL SCATTER TO THE WINDS
THY ENDLESS CARES.

OPEN TO ME, OH GOD, THE GATE
OF THY GIFTS. GIVE ME TO EAT,
THAT I MAY OWE NOTHING TO THY
CREATURES, GIVE ME TO DRINK TILL
DRUNKENNESS DROWNS SORROW.

H

XCVIII

WINE IS FORBIDDEN, IT IS SAID, BUT IT IS ONLY FORBIDDEN IN REGARD TO HIM WHO MAKES NO MEASURE OF WHAT HE DRINKS, AND THE ONE WITH WHOM HE DRINKS. ALL THE CONDITIONS ONCE HELD IN OBSERVANCE, WILL NOT THE WISE MAN DRINK?

THEY WHO DWELL WITHIN THE TOMBS HAVE BECOME DUST AND ASHES, ARE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS, AND DIVIDED FROM EACH OTHER. ALAS! WHAT DRINK IS THIS WITH WHICH MANKIND IS FILLED, AND WHICH HOLDS HIM THUS INFATUATED UNTIL THE DAY OF THE LAST JUDGMENT?

BE WELCOME, SOLACE OF MY SOUL, SCARCELY CAN I BELIEVE THAT THOU ART HERE. DRINK, FOR GOD'S LOVE, IF NOT FOR MINE, DRINK WINE TILL I CAN DOUBT THY BEING.

XCIX

THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER PASSED THE NIGHT IN THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH, WHO HAVE NO THOUGHTS BEYOND THEIR NARROW LIVES. THESE THOU MAYEST BEHOLD CLOTHED IN THE GARMENTS OF THE GREAT, AND DISPARAGING THE WALKER IN THE PERFECT WAY.

THOU SHOULDST NOT PLANT THE TREE OF BITTERNESS IN THY HEART, BUT RATHER FLUTTER AT ALL TIMES THE LEAVES OF THE BOOK OF JOY. THOU SHOULDST DRINK THY WINE, AND PURSUE THE DESIRE OF THY HEART, FOR BEHOLD THE LENGTH OF THY STAY ON THIS EARTH IS QUICKLY MEASURED.

THOU SETTEST SNARES AROUND US MANIFOLD, AND SAYEST, "DEATH TO YE, IF YE ENTER THEREIN." THOU LAYEST THE LURES THYSELF, AND THEN GIVEST OVER THY VICTIM TO DOOM.

C

ENJOY THY LIFE WHILE IT REMAINETH TO THEE, FOR MANY OTHER WAYFARERS WILL JOURNEY THROUGH THE WORLD. THE SOUL CRIETH OUT AFTER THE BODY HAS BEEN TORN AWAY FROM IT, AND THE CROWN OF THY HEAD WILL BE TRAMPLED UNDER THE FEET OF POTTERS.

HAPPY IS THE HEART OF HIM WHO HATH GONE THROUGH LIFE UNKNOWN. WHOM THE VESTMENT OF HYPOCRISY HATH NEVER CLOTHED, WHO LIKE UNTO THE SAGE IS TRANSLATED INTO THE SKIES, INSTEAD OF REJOICING LIKE AN OWL AMONG THE RUINS OF THIS WORLD.

ROSE, THOU ART LIKE UNTO A LOVELY FACE; ROSE, THOU ART LIKE UNTO A PRECIOUS RUBY. O, SHIFTING FORTUNE, EVERY SECOND YOU SEEM STRANGE TO ME, YET YOU ARE LIKE UNTO A FAMILIAR FRIEND.

THE DRUNKARD WHO IS RICH
BRINGETH HIMSELF TO DESTRUCTION,
HIS RIOTOUS DRUNKENNESS IS A SCAN-
DAL TO MANKIND. I WILL THEREFORE
PLACE THIS HASHISH IN MY CUP
OF WINE AND THUS I WILL STRANGLE
THE SERPENT OF MY GRIEF.

THE DRINKER ALONE CAN UNDER-
STAND THE LANGUAGE OF THE ROSE
AND OF THE VINE, AND NOT THE FAINT-
HEARTED, AND THE CHEAP OF WIT.
TO THOSE WHO HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE
OF HIDDEN THINGS, IGNORANCE IS TO
BE PARDONED, FOR THE DRUNKARD
ONLY IS CAPABLE OF TASTING THE
DELIGHTS WHICH ARE AN ACCOMPANI-
MENT THEREOF.

OPEN THE GATE, FOR ONLY THOU
CANST OPEN IT ; SHOW ME THE ROAD,
FOR ONLY THOU CANST SHOW IT. I
WILL REACH NO HAND TO THOSE WHO
WOULD FAINT UPLIFT ME, FOR THOU
ALONE ART ETERNAL.

CII

LULLED BY A VAIN HOPE, I SCATTERED TO THE WINDS A PORTION OF MY LIFE, AND THAT BEFORE I HAD KNOWN IN THIS WORLD A DAY OF ENJOYMENT. ALAS ! I FEAR NOW THAT FLEETING TIME WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO REPAY MYSELF FOR THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

IT IS I WHO AM THE CHIEF FREQUENTER OF THE TAVERN, IT IS I WHO WADE KNEE DEEP IN REBELLION AGAINST THY COMMANDMENT. IT IS I WHO THE WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH, SOAKED IN WINE, HURL THE COMPLAINT OF MY WOUNDED HEART AGAINST THE EARS OF GOD.

WHEN I AM DRUNK, THE WHOLE WORLD MIGHT ROLL LIKE A BALL INTO A HOLE, AND I SHOULD NOT CARE MORE THAN FOR A BARLEY-CORN. YESTERE'EN I PAWNED MYSELF AT THE TAVERN FOR A STOUP OF WINE, "LO, WHAT AN EXCELLENT GAGE !" SAYS THE TAPSTER.

CIII

FOR HOW MANY NIGHTS HAS SLEEP
FLED FROM OUR EYELIDS, BEFORE THE
CRUEL PARTING HAS TORN OUR HEARTS
ASUNDER! ARISE, MY BELOVED, AND
LET US LIVE FOR AN INSTANT BEFORE
THE BREATH OF DAWN BLOWS UPON
US. ALAS, FOR HOW LONG A TIME IT
WILL STILL BREATHE WHEN OUR
BREATH IS EXTINCT!

TWO THINGS ARE THE BASE OF WIS-
DOM, THE PEARLS OF TRADITION: EAT
NOT OF ALL THAT IS EATEN, HOLD
ALOOF FROM ALL THAT IS EVIL.

HOW LONG WILT THOU CONDEMN
US, O FOOLISH DEVOTEE? WE ARE
THE FREQUENTERS OF THE TAVERN,
WE ARE GIVEN OVER TO DRUNKEN-
NESS . WITHOUT CEASE. THOU ART
ENTIRELY ABSORBED IN THY CHAPLET,
IN THY HYPOCRISY, IN THY VILE
DEVICES. WE FOLLOW THE DESIRES
OF OUR HEARTS WITH THE WINE-CUP
FOREVER IN OUR HAND, AND OUR
LOVED ONE BESIDE US.

CIV

THE STEADY MARCH OF SPRINGS
AND AUTUMNS SWEEP THE LEAVES
FROM OUR LIFE'S TREES. DRINK
WINE, FRIEND, FOR THE WISE HAVE
WISELY SAID, "LIFE'S CARES ARE A
POISON, AND WINE ITS BEST ANTI-
DOTE."

THOU WHO HAST BURNED, WHO
BURNEST, WHO DESERVEST STILL TO
BURN, FEEDING THE FIRE OF HELL,
WHY DOST THOU CALL ON GOD TO
PARDON OMAR? WHAT HAS GOD TO
DO WITH THEE? HOW DAREST THOU
APPEAL TO HIS PITY?

ART THOU FULL OF HEAVINESS?
TAKE THOU A MORSEL OF HASHISH,
AS LARGE AS A GRAIN OF BARLEY,
OR DRINK BUT A SMALL MEASURE
OF ROSE-COLOURED WINE. THOU ART
BECOME A SAGE, TRULY! THOU
MAYST NOT DRINK THIS, THOU TAKEST
NOT THAT! NOTHING IS LEFT TO
THEE BUT TO EAT PEBBLES—GO, AND
EAT THEM THEN.

NO LONGER, O REASON, WILL I
CONTINUE TO BE THY SLAVE ; WHERE-
FORE SHOULD I CARE IF IN THIS
WORLD I REMAIN FOR FIFTY YEARS,
OR BUT ONE DAY IS LEFT TO ME ?
COME, LET US DRINK WINE FROM THE
FLAGON BEFORE WE OURSELVES BE-
COME POTS IN THE SHOP OF THE
POTTER.

I MET A WISE MAN IN A DRUNKARD'S
HOUSE, AND ASKED HIM TIDINGS OF
THE ABSENT ONES. HE ANSWERED,
“DRINK YOUR WINE, FOR MANY LIKE
UNTO US HAVE GONE HENCE, AND
NOT RETURNED AGAIN.”

I KNOW NOT IF HE WHO CREATED
ME BELONGS TO HAPPY PARADISE OR
TERRIBLE HELL, BUT I KNOW THAT
A CUP OF WINE, A FAIR PARAMOUR,
AND A LUTE ON THE BORDERS OF A
PLEASANT LAND, REJOICE MY HEART
IN THIS PRESENT HOUR, AND THAT
THOU LIVEST ON THE PROMISE OF A
FUTURE PARADISE.

IT IS DAWN, EVER WELCOME, BE-
LOVED, SING YOUR SONG, AND DRINK
YOUR WINE, FOR THE LONG ARRAY OF
MONTHS HAS OVERTHROWN A THOU-
SAND KINGS LIKE DJEMSHID AND KAI-
KHOSROU.

I DRINK OF THE WINE, AND THEY
WHO OPPOSE IT COME ABOUT ME ON
THE RIGHT HAND AND ON THE LEFT,
TO PERSUADE ME TO RENOUNCE IT,
SAYING THAT WINE IS THE ENEMY OF
RELIGION. BUT, THEREFORE, BECAUSE
I HOLD MYSELF AN ADVERSARY OF
THE FAITH, I WISH BY ALLAH TO
DRINK THEREOF, FOR IT IS PERMITTED
TO DRINK THE BLOOD OF ONE'S
ENEMY.

IF I WERE FREE TO USE MY WILL,
IF I WERE FREE FROM CARES OF GOOD
AND EVIL IN THIS WORTHLESS WORLD,
HOW WILLINGLY WOULD I CHOOSE
NEVER TO HAVE COME HERE, NEVER
TO HAVE LIVED HERE, NEVER TO DE-
PART HENCE.

CVII

HOW IS IT THAT GRAPES ARE SOUR AT FIRST, AND AFTER, SWEET? HOW IS IT THAT WINE IS BITTER? IF A BIT OF WOOD IS FASHIONED WITH A KNIFE INTO A VIOL, HOW IS IT THAT THE SAME KNIFE CAN FASHION A LUTE?

FROM AFAR CAME ONE FOUL-FAVOURED, CLAD ABOUT AS IN SMOKE OF HELL, SEX-LESS, HORRIBLE. HE BROKE OUR FLAGON, SPILLING THE RED WINE, AND BOASTED THAT THE DEED WAS GLORIOUS.

SINCE WE ABIDE IN THIS WORLD IN NO FIXED HABITATION, IT TRULY WOULD BE A FATAL ERROR TO ABSTAIN FROM THE WINE-CUP AND THE CARESSES OF OUR BELOVED ONES. OH, MAN OF PEACE, HOW LONG WILT THOU CONTINUE THY VAIN REASONING ON THE CREATION AND ETERNITY OF THIS WORLD?—WHAT TO ME WILL BE ITS ANTIQUITY OR NEWNESS WHEN I NO LONGER ABIDE HEREIN?

PLAGUE UPON HEART-BREAKING HYPOCRISY, O CUP-BEARER ; UP, AND HITHER WITH THE WINE, O CUP-BEARER ; TO BUY IT, SELL THE PRAYER-CLOTH AND THE SACRED TURBAN, FOR WINE IS THE END OF ALL MY ARGUMENT.

O HEART, WHEN THOU SITTEST AT THE FEET OF THY BELOVED, THOU HAST LOST THYSELF TO FIND THYSELF. WHEN THOU HAST QUAFFED THE WINE OF NOTHINGNESS, THOU ART SET APART FROM THOSE THAT ARE, AND THOSE THAT ARE NO MORE.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF RELIGION ONLY INSIST ON THE FULFILLING OF THY OBLIGATION TO THE DEITY. REFUSE NOT THY MORSEL OF BREAD TO ANOTHER, REFRAIN THY TONGUE FROM SLANDER, AND SEEK NOT TO RENDER EVIL TO THY NEIGHBOUR. IF THOU DOEST THIS, I MYSELF PROMISE THEE THE FUTURE LIFE.—BRING HITHER THE WINE !

CIX

BESTIR THYSELF, SINCE THOU ART
COOPED BENEATH THIS INEXORABLE
VAULT, DRINK WINE, SINCE THOU ART
PERFORCE IN THIS LUCKLESS WORLD.
IF ANYTHING FROM FIRST TO LAST BE
BUT EARTH, AT LEAST BEAR THYSELF
AS IF THOU STILL DIDST WALK THE
EARTH, NOT AS IF THOU WERT AL-
READY LAID BENEATH IT.

O HEART, MY HEART YOU WILL
NEVER KNOW THE SECRET, YOU WILL
NEVER TOP THE WISDOM OF THE
WISE. MAKE FOR YOURSELF A HEAVEN
HERE WITH WINE, FOR WHO KNOWS IF
YOU WILL OR WILL NOT RELISH THE
HIGHER HEAVEN?

CHOOSE IGNORANCE, IF YOU HAVE
WIT, THAT YOU MAY TAKE THE BOWL
OF WINE FROM THE HANDS OF THE
DRINKERS OF ETERNITY. BUT IF YOU
ARE IGNORANT, IGNORANCE IS NOT
FOR THEE. IT IS NOT GIVEN TO ALL
THE IGNORANT TO TASTE THE SWEETS
OF IGNORANCE.

CX

I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT WINE, I
COULD NOT BEAR THE BODY'S BURDEN
BUT FOR THE JUICE OF THE VINE. I
AM THE SLAVE OF THAT SWEET MOMENT
WHEN THE CUP-BEARER OFFERS ME
YET ANOTHER DRAUGHT, AND I AM
TOO DRUNK TO TAKE IT.

HOW LONG WILL THESE WRANGLE ON
THE FIVE AND FOUR, O CUP-BEARER !
IT IS AS HARD TO UNDERSTAND ONE
AS ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND, O CUP-
BEARER ; WE ARE BUT EARTH, SO
TUNE THE LUTE, O CUP-BEARER ; WE
ARE BUT AS SOFT AIR, BRING WINE, O
CUP-BEARER ?

WERT THOU AS WISE AS ARISTOTLE,
WERT THOU AS POTENT AS ROMAN
CAESAR, OR MONARCH OF CATHAY,
DRINK, DRINK, I SAY, IN THE CUP
OF DJEMSHID, FOR THE GRAVE IS THE
END OF ALL, YEA, WERT THOU BAHRAM
HIMSELF, THE TOMB IS THY FINAL
ABODE.

CXI

A SHEIKH SAID TO A HARLOT,
"THOU ART DRUNK; EACH MOMENT
THOU ART CAUGHT IN SOMEONE'S
NETS." SHE ANSWERED UNTO HIM,
"O SHEIKH, I AM ALL THAT THOU
CALLEST THY SERVANT, BUT THOU,
ART THOU ALL THOU APPEAREST TO
BE?"

WE HAVE WINE, AND THE WELL-
BELOVED, AND THE MORNING, O CUP-
BEARER. NOT FROM US COMETH RE-
NUNCIATION, O CUP-BEARER. HOW
LONG WILT THOU TELL THE TALES OF
OLD, O CUP-BEARER? BRING ME
SWEETLY THE PEACE OF THE SOUL,
O CUP-BEARER.

IT IS MY PLEASURE TO DROWN MY
REASON IN WINE: OUR SECRET SES-
SIONS ARE CALLED FOR THE SERVICE
OF THE WINE-CUP: O HERMIT OF THE
HEART, DO NOT, IN YOUR PILGRIMAGE,
DENY YOURSELF THE CUP: BE LIKE
US, WHO ARE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS, AND
DELIGHT IN THE LIP OF THE LOVER.

WE TAKE THE KORAN IN ONE HAND,
AND THE WINE-CUP IN THE OTHER,
AND BEHOLD WE ARE LURED NOW TO
THE LAWFUL, NOW TO THE UNLAW-
FUL DELIGHT. THUS IT COMES TO
PASS THAT UNDERNEATH YON SPANGLED
BOWL WE ARE NEITHER ALL FAITHFUL,
NOR ALL FAITHLESS.

DRINK WINE, FOR BEHOLD HOW THE
JUICE MOISTENETH THE SIDES OF THE
JAR. HOW OFTEN NEED I SAY THAT I
HAVE BROKEN THE SEALS OF ALL MY
VOWS? YET, IS IT NOT BETTER TO
BREAK THE SEALS OF A HUNDRED
OATHS, THAN TO BREAK THE SIDES OF
A JAR OF WINE?

DO NOT SET THE ESTIMATE OF
YOUR LIFE ABOVE SIXTY YEARS; DO
NOT SET YOUR FOOT ANYWHERE
WITHOUT BEING INTOXICATED. SO
LONG AS YOUR SKULL IS NOT MADE
INTO A JAR, DO NOT SET THE GOURD
FROM YOUR SHOULDERS, NOR THE CUP
FROM YOUR HAND.

CXIII

ARISE, DASH DOWN THE CARES OF
FLEETING LIFE, BE MERRY IN THIS
MOMENTARY BEING. IF HEAVEN HAD
BEEN CONSTANT IN ITS GIFTS TO
OTHERS, REMEMBER THAT YOU
COULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN THEIR
TURN OF ENJOYMENT.

WHEN I GAZE, I SEEM TO SEE THE
GRASS, THE STREAMS OF PARADISE.
EARTH, FREED FROM WINTER'S HELL,
SEEMS TURNED TO HEAVEN. REST
WITH SOME FAIR FACE IN THIS FAIR
PLACE.

FOLLOW THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE
KALENDERS, ABIDE IN THE TAVERN,
THINK ONLY OF WINE, WOMEN, AND
SONG. WITH CUP AND CAN, O WELL-
BELOVED, DRINK AND CEASE TO BATTLE
OF VAIN THINGS.

CXIV

WE HAVE BROKEN ALL OUR VOWS,
WE HAVE CLOSED THE GATES OF
GOOD AND EVIL FAME ; DO NOT BLAME
US FOR BEING FOOLISH IN OUR FOLLY,
FOR WE ARE DRUNK WITH THE WINE
OF LOVE.

REACH ME TULIP-TINTED WINE,
POUR THE PURE BLOOD OF THE VINE
FROM THE THROAT OF THE FLAGON,
FOR WHERE IN THESE DAYS SHALL I
FIND SO TRUE A FRIEND SAVE IN THE
WINE-CUP ?

THOSE THAT HAVE GONE HENCE
BEFORE US, O CUP-BEARER, ARE LAPPED
IN THE DUST OF PRIDE, O CUP-BEARER ;
DRINK THEN THY WINE, AND HEAR
THE TRUTH I TELL ; THE WORDS
THEY WHISPERED WERE BUT WIND, O
CUP-BEARER.

CXV

THOU HAST STAMPED US WITH A
STRANGE SEAL, THOU HAST MADE US
DO STRANGE DEEDS. HOW CAN I BE
BETTER THAN I AM, FOR SUCH AS I
AM, YOU DREW ME FROM THE VOID?

BE WISE, O MY FAIR, AND LIGHTEN
THE LOAD OF THY LOVER, FOR ALL
THY GOODLY SHOW WILL NOT ENDURE,
LIKE ALL THE WORLD THY FEET WILL
GO DOWN TO THE DUST.

THOU WHO COMMANDEST THE QUICK
AND THE DEAD, THE WHEEL OF HEA-
VEN OBEYS THY HAND. WHAT IF I
AM EVIL, AM I NOT THY SLAVE?
WHICH THEN IS THE GUILTY ONE?
ART THOU NOT LORD OF ALL?

CXVI

O OFFSPRING OF THE FOUR AND FIVE, ART PUZZLED BY THE FOUR AND FIVE? DRINK DEEP, FOR I HAVE TOLD THEE TIME ON TIME, THAT ONCE DEPARTED, THOU RETURNEST NO MORE.

NOW THOU ART HIDDEN, KNOWN OF NONE, NOW THOU ART DISPLAYED IN ALL CREATED THINGS. IT IS FOR THY OWN DELIGHT THAT THOU PERFORMEST THESE WONDERS, BEING AT ONCE THE SPORT AND THE SPECTATOR.

IF YOU FIND FAME IN A TOWN YOU ARE CONSIDERED EVIL. IF YOU LIVE IN A NOOK, YOU ARE LOOKED UPON AS A SCHEMER. THE BEST THING FOR ANY MAN, WERE HE A SAINT OR A PROPHET, WOULD BE TO LIVE, KNOWING NO ONE, KNOWN OF NO ONE.

CXVII

IT IS BETTER TO LIGHTEN ONE SAD SOUL, THAN TO PEOPLE A WORLD. IT IS NOBLER TO ENSLAVE ONE FREE MAN WITH CHARITY, THAN TO SET FREE A THOUSAND SLAVES.

LO, THE MOMENT FOR THE MORNING WINE, HEAR THE MUEZZIN, O CUP-BEARER. HERE IS A WINE-HOUSE, HERE IS WINE, WE ARE READY, O CUP-BEARER. THIS IS NO TIME FOR PRAYERS, CEASE BABBLING OF DEVOTION, DRINK AND BE STILL, O CUP-BEARER.

IF I AM THE FRIEND OF WINE AND DRUNKENNESS, WHY SHOULD I BE BLAMED? IF ALL UNLAWFUL DEEDS PRODUCED INTOXICATION, THERE WOULD BE LITTLE SOBER REASON LEFT ON EARTH.

CXVIII

IN THIS JUGGLING HOUSE OF LIFE,
FRIENDSHIP IS A VAIN THING ; BE
WISE AND TRUST NONE. BEAR THY
PAINS, SEEK NO REMEDY, BE CHEER-
FUL IN THY SORROWS, AND SEEK NOT
TO SHARE THEM WITH OTHERS.

O MY KING, HOW MANY A MAN
LIKE ME IN THE ROSE-BOWER, IN THE
FAIR FELLOWSHIP OF DANCERS AND
DRINKERS, REMAINS ALOOF, AN ON-
LOOKER? A GARDEN, A WINE-JAR,
AND A LUTE ARE BETTER THAN PARA-
DISE WITH ITS STREAMS AND HOURIS.

I SAW A HERMIT IN A DESERT
PLACE. HE WAS NEITHER HERETIC
NOR TRUE BELIEVER, HE HAD NEITHER
RICHES, NOR CREED, NOR GOD, NOR
TRUTH, NOR LAW, NOR KNOWLEDGE.
WHERE IS THE MAN OF LIKE COURAGE
IN THIS WORLD OR THE OTHER WORLD?

CXIX

WOULDST THOU HAVE THE WORLD
AT THY FEET, THEN STRENGTHEN THY
SOUL, AND BELIEVE WITH ME THAT
WISDOM LIES IN DRINKING WINE AND
DAFFING THE WORLD ASIDE.

IT IS WELL TO BE OF GOOD REPU-
TATION : IT IS ILL TO COMPLAIN OF
HEAVEN'S INJUSTICE. IT IS BETTER
TO BE DRUNK WITH THE BLOOD OF
THE VINE THAN SWOLLEN WITH SHAM
PIETY.

GIVE ME TO DRINK OF THAT FLOWER-
COLOURED WINE, O CUP-BEARER ;
POUR, FOR MY SOUL IS LADEN WITH
SORROW, O CUP-BEARER ; POUR, I SAY,
FOR IN SETTING ME FREE FROM
MYSELF, IT SETS ME FREE ALSO FROM
THE CARES OF THIS WORLD, O CUP-
BEARER.

CXX

GIVE ME DELIGHTFUL WINE, O CUP-BEARER, THAT DIVINE JUICE WHICH, LIKE A CHAIN OF LINKED RINGS, HOLDS FOOLS AND SAGES IN SWEET SERVITUDE.

THIS WHEEL OF HEAVEN SEEKS MY DESTRUCTION AND THINE, IT PLOTS AGAINST MY SOUL AND THINE. COME, SEAT THYSELF UPON THE GRASS, FOR IN A LITTLE WHILE FRESH GRASS WILL SPRING FROM THIS DUST OF MINE AND THINE.

WE ARE ALL LOVERS, ALL BIBBERS, ALL WORSHIPPERS OF THE VINE, WE ARE ALL IN THE TAVERN FREE FROM THOUGHTS OF GOOD AND EVIL. TROUBLE NOT OUR INTELLIGENCE, FOR WE ARE ALL DRUNK.

CXXI

LAST NIGHT IN THE TAVERN MY FAMILIAR FRIEND HELD OUT THE CUP AND BADE ME DRINK OF IF. "I WILL NOT DRINK," I SAID, AND HE REPLIED, "DRINK FOR MY LOVE'S SAKE."

YESTERDAY I SAT BY A STREAM WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL AND A VESSEL OF WINE. BEFORE ME STOOD THE SHELL WHOSE PEARL GAVE FORTH SUCH LIGHT THAT THE COCK CREW, BELIEVING IT WAS DAWN.

DO NOT HEED THE SPEECH OF FRIVOLOUS WOMEN, BUT SEIZE THE CUP OF CLEAR WINE FROM THE HANDS OF THE COMELY. ALL WHO EVER TROD THIS EARTH HAVE VANISHED ONE BY ONE, AND WHO CAN SAY THAT ONE HAS E'ER RETURNED?

CXXII

WHEN MY SOUL AND THINE HAVE
FLITTED, THEY WILL PLACE A COUPLE
OF BRICKS UPON MY GRAVE AND THINE.
THEN TO MAKE BRICKS FOR OTHER
TOMBS THEY WILL SEND TO THE KILN
MY DUST AND THINE.

THAT PALACE WHICH TOUCHED THE
HEAVENS, BEFORE WHOSE DOOR KINGS
BOWED THE HEAD, WE SAW THE RING-
DOVE ON ITS BATTLEMENTS, RESTING
AND CRYING, "COO, COO, COO, COO!"

TO DRINK AND DELIGHT IN FAIR
FACES IS WISER THAN TO AFFECT A
HYPOCRITICAL FAITH. IF ALL THE
LOVERS, AND ALL THE JOYOUS TOPERS,
GO TO HELL, NOBODY WILL WANT TO
GO TO PARADISE.

CXXIII

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF OUR ENTRANCE TO, OUR EXIT FROM, THIS WORLD? WHAT HAS BECOME OF ALL OUR HOPES? WHERE IS THE BREATH OF ALL THE WISE AND GOOD WHO HAVE BEEN TURNED TO DUST?

WE DRINK WINE OLD AND NEW,
WE WOULD SELL THE WORLD FOR A
BRACE OF BARLEYCORN. DO YOU
KNOW WHERE YOU GO AFTER DEATH?
GIVE ME SOME WINE, AND GO WHERE
YOU PLEASE.

FLEE FROM THE LESSONS OF LEARNING AND PIETY, TURN TO THE TRESSES
ROUND THE LOVELY FACE, SPILL THE
BLOOD OF THE VINE IN YOUR CUP
BEFORE TIME SPILLS THY BLOOD ON
THE EARTH.

CXXIV

THE STRONG WINE OF OURSELVES
HAS EXALTED US WITH JOY ; WE THAT
WERE LOWLY, HOLD OUR HEADS HIGH ;
NOW WE ARE FREE FROM THE BODY'S
DOMINION, WE HAVE RETURNED TO
EARTH FROM WHENCE WE ROSE.

A FIG FOR MOSQUES, PRAYERS,
FASTINGS ; HIE THEE TO THE TAVERN
AND GET DRUNK, EVEN IF THOU HAST
TO BEG FOR IT. DRINK, MY KHAYYAM,
FOR SOON THAT EARTH OF THINE
WILL BE FASHIONED INTO CUPS AND
BOWLS AND JARS.

NOT FOR ONE HOUR CAN I SHAKE
OFF THE WORLD, NOT FOR ONE MO-
MENT CAN I BUY CONTENT. LONG,
LONG HAVE I SERVED IN THE SCHOOL
OF SORROW, AND STILL AM MASTER
NEITHER OF THIS WORLD NOR THE
NEXT.

CXXV

TO YOU THIS EARTHLY CUP IS BIG
WITH A SOUL, LIKE TO A JASMIN
BEARING BLOSSOMS OF THE JUDAS
TREE. NAY, THE FAIR CLEARNESS
OF THE WINE DECEIVES ME, IT IS
CLEAR WATER, BIG WITH LIQUID FIRE.

THIS WORLD OF DUST FROM CORNER
TO CORNER, NOTWITHSTANDING THE
STUDY OF THE WISE-EYED, WILL SEE
NO BETTER PRODUCTION OF THE
FAITHLESS EARTH THAN CLEAR WINE
AND LOVELY BEINGS.

HEARKEN UNTO ME, THOU THAT
HAST NOT YET SEEN THY FRIENDS
GROW OLD. VEX NOT THYSELF ABOUT
THE WHEEL OF HEAVEN, CONTENT
THEE WITH WHAT THOU HAST, AND
PLACIDLY BEHOLD LIFE'S JUGGLES
WITH THE DESTINIES OF MEN.

CXXVI

BE GENIAL TO THE GENIAL REVEL-
LERS, FOLLOW, MY FRIEND, THE WIS-
DOM OF KHAYYAM. AWAY WITH
PRAYERS, AWAY WITH FASTS; DRINK
DEEP AND BE KINDLY.

ARE YOU NOT ASHAMED, O MULLAH,
THUS TO IGNORE ALL THE ORDINANCES
AND ALL THE PROHIBITIONS? EVEN
IF YOU HEAPED UP ALL THE TREASURES
OF THE EARTH, WHAT CAN YOU DO
WITH THEM AT LAST, SAVE LEAVE
THEM TO SOMEONE ELSE?

DO NOT CALL TO MIND THE DAY
WHICH HAS PASSED FROM YOU; DO
NOT LAMENT FOR UNBORN TO-MORROW,
DO NOT BUILD ON THE COMING AND
THE PAST AWAY, TAKE THE FAIR HOUR,
AND DO NOT CAST YOUR LIFE TO THE
WIND.

CXXVII

IF I, LIKE GOD, WERE MASTER OF
THE HEAVENS, I WOULD BLOT THEM
FROM THE WORLD, AND FASHION NEW
SKIES BENEATH WHICH FREE MAN
MIGHT GAIN HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

EVERY DAY AT DAWN, I WILL HASTE
TO THE WINE-HOUSE WITH THE
SUBTLE KALENDARS. O, THOU THAT
HAST THE KEY TO HIDDEN SECRETS,
GIVE ME FAITH IF THOU WOULDST
HAVE ME PRAYERFUL.

THANKS TO YOU, MIRROR-LIKE DISC
OF HEAVEN, THANKS TO THE FAVOURS
OF THIS FLEETING TIME WHICH FALL
BUT TO THE BASEST, MY CHEEKS,
HOLLOW AS CUPS, ARE BRIMMED WITH
TEARS, AND MY HEART, LIKE A JAR,
IS FULL OF BLOOD.

CXXVIII

THERE IS A BULL IN HEAVEN NAMED
PARWIN, THERE IS ANOTHER BULL
THAT BEARS THE EARTH ; OPEN THE
EYES OF KNOWLEDGE AND BEHOLD
THIS DROVE OF ASSES PLACED BETWEEN
TWO BULLS.

LO, LIGHT, AND WINE, AND PLENILUNE,
O CUP-BEARER ; LO, THE BEAUTY LOVE-
LIER THAN THE CAPTAIN-JEWEL, O CUP-
BEARER ; TALK NOT OF EARTH UNTO
THIS BURNING HEART, CAST IT NOT
TO THE WIND ; BRING DRINK, O CUP-
BEARER.

VAINLY YOU RAVE OF RUBY-TINTED
LIPS, VAINLY YOU WHISPER OF THE
SWEETNESS OF WINE, AND THE
MELODIES OF LUTE AND DULCIMER.
BE GOD MY WITNESS, THAT TILL YOU
SEVER THE TIES OF EARTH, YOUR
EXISTENCE IS VAIN.

ALL THAT THOU SAYEST OF ME IS
STEEPED IN HATE, THOU CALLEST ME
UNBELIEVER, ATHEIST: I AM WHAT I
AM, AND MAKE A VOUCH OF IT, BUT
IS IT JUST FOR THEE TO RAIL AT ME?

I CAN RENOUNCE ALL, BUT WINE—
NEVER. I CAN CONSOLE MYSELF FOR
ALL ELSE, BUT FOR WINE—NEVER. IS IT
POSSIBLE FOR ME TO BECOME A GOOD
MUSSULMAN, AND TO GIVE UP OLD
WINE?—NEVER.

CLEAR COMELY WINE, I FAIN WOULD
DRINK SO DEEP OF THY DIVINITY
THAT THOSE BEHOLDING ME FROM
AFAR SHOULD BLEND MY BEING WITH
THINE AND SAY, "O LORD WINE,
WHENCE COMEST THOU?"

CXXX

BEFORE YOU DRAIN THE CUP OF
DEATH, BEFORE THE WHEEL OF TIME
HAS HURLED YOU BACK, GET GOODS
AND GEAR WHILE YOU ARE HERE,
FOR IN THE LOWER LAND, NO WEL-
COME HAS THE EMPTY HAND.

DEAREST, WHILE WE TREAD THIS
EARTH, LIFT THE JAR AND DRINK ITS
WINE. ERE THE POTTER TURNS TO
SHAPE FROM THY DUST AND MINE,
OTHER JARS FOR OTHER LIPS, FILL MY
CUP AND EMPTY THINE.

THY CUP IS BRIMMED WITH MOLTEN
RUBIES, O CUP-BEARER ; FEED MY SOUL
WITH THE FLASHES OF THAT FLAMING
STONE, O CUP-BEARER, GIVE TO MY
HANDS THAT HOLY BOWL, O CUP-
BEARER, THAT I MIGHT LEND NEW
BEING TO MY SOUL, O CUP-BEARER.

CXXXI

WHILE STILL YOU BOAST OF BONES,
AND VEINS, AND SINEWS, ABIDE IN THE
CIRCLE OF YOUR DESTINY. YIELD NO-
THING TO YOUR ENEMY, WERE HE
RUSTEM, SON OF ZAL ; BE UNDER NO
BOND OF OBLIGATION TO YOUR FRIEND,
WERE HE HATIM TAI.

DO YOU DESIRE A HAPPY LIFE, DO
YOU DESIRE A HEART DEVOID OF
CARE, THEN DRINK, DRINK, DRINK
WITH EVERY PASSING MINUTE, AND
FROM EACH DRAUGHT FIND NEW
DELIGHT IN LIFE.

I HAVE SWEPT THE THRESHOLD
OF THE TAVERN WITH MY HAIR, I
HAVE GIVEN THE GOOD-BYE TO
THOUGHTS OF GOOD AND ILL, OF THIS
WORLD AND THE OTHER. WHEN I AM
DRUNK, THEY MIGHT BOTH ROLL
INTO A DITCH, WITHOUT MY HEEDING
THEM MORE THAN TWO BARLEY-CORNS.

CXXXII

I PASSED INTO THE POTTER'S HOUSE OF CLAY, AND SAW THE CRAFTSMAN BUSY AT HIS WHEEL, TURNING OUT POTS AND JARS FASHIONED FROM THE HEADS OF KINGS, AND THE FEET OF BEGGARS.

SINCE THOU KNOWEST THE SECRETS, O YOUTH, WHY SO RACKED WITH DESPAIRING DOUBTS? THOUGH THE WHEEL OF LIFE DOES NOT TURN TO THY PLEASURE, STILL BE MERRY IN THIS HOUR, WHILE STILL THOU DRAWEST BREATH.

LAST EVE I BROKE AGAINST A STONE AN EARTHEN CUP, DRUNK IN THE DOING OF THIS FOOLISH DEED. ME-THOUGHT THE CUP PROTESTED UNTO ME "I WAS LIKE THEE, THOU WILT BE LIKE TO ME."

CXXXIII

BEAR GREETING FROM ME TO KHAY-YAM, AND THEN SAY, "OH, INEXPERIENCED KHAYYAM, WHEN THEN HAVE I SAID THAT WINE IS UNLAWFUL? TO THE FOOLISH IT IS UNLAWFUL, BUT TO THE WISE IT IS LAWFUL."

STILL TO ME MY BREATH, THANKS TO THE CUP-BEARER, REMAINS, BUT IN THE FELLOWSHIP OF CREATED THINGS, DISCONTENT REMAINS. OF YESTERE'EN'S WINE, ONLY A FLAGON REMAINS, BUT I KNOW NOT HOW MUCH OF LIFE YET REMAINS.

WHEN THE HAND POSSESSES A LOAF OF WHEATEN BREAD, TWO MEASURES OF WINE, AND A PIECE OF FLESH, WHEN SEATED WITH TULIP-CHEEKS IN SOME LONELY SPOT, BEHOLD SUCH JOY AS IS NOT GIVEN TO ALL SULTANS.

CXXXIV

BE NOT ROUGH WITH THE POT-COMPANIONS, BE NOT GRUFF WITH THE WISEACRES, BUT DRINK YOUR WINE, FOR WHETHER YOU DRINK WINE OR NO, IF YOU ARE SEARED WITH HELL-FIRE, YOU SHALL NOT HOPE TO PASS INTO PARADISE.

IN THE ASSEMBLAGE OF LOVERS WE ALL ARE SEATED, FROM THE LABOUR OF DAYS WE HAVE ALL ESCAPED, WE HAVE EMPTIED THE CUP OF THE WINE OF OUR DESIRE, WE ARE ALL FREE AND TRANQUIL AND INTOXICATED.

THOU HAST BROKEN MY WINE-JUG, O LORD, THOU HAST CLOSED AGAINST ME THE DOOR OF DELIGHT, O LORD, THOU HAST SPILT UPON THE EARTH MY CLEAR WINE; EARTH BE IN MY MOUTH UNLESS THOU ART DRUNK, O LORD.

CXXXV

A MOUTHFUL OF WINE IS BETTER
THAN EMPIRE. ABJURE ALL SAVE
WINE. ONE CUP OF WINE IS BETTER
THAN THE KINGDOM OF FERIDOUN.
THE TILE WHICH COVERS THE MOUTH
OF THE WINE-JAR IS MORE PRECIOUS
THAN THE CROWN OF KAI-KHOSROU.

LO, THE SEASON OF ROSES IS AT
HAND, AND THEN IT DELIGHTS ME TO
DEFY THE LAW OF ALKORAN WITH
BUDDING GIRLS OF TULIP CHEEKS; FOR
A MEASURE OF FIVE DAYS MY CUPS
SHALL CONVERT THE GREEN GRASS
INTO BEDS OF TULIPS.

BEAR GREETING FROM ME TO MUS-
TAPHA, AND THEN WITH ALL RESPECT
ENQUIRE THUS, "WHY, O LORD ALL-
WISE, DOES ALKORAN MAKE THE
SOUR SALTED CURDS AND WATER
LAWFUL, AND PURE WINE UNLAW-
FUL?"

CXXXVI

O THOU THAT TURNEST DAY AND NIGHT TO LUST AFTER THE WORLD, DOST THOU NOT THINK UPON THE HEAVY DAY? LOOK TO THYSELF AND TO THY LATEST BREATH, AND TO THE END THAT THOU MUST SHARE WITH OTHERS.

WE MADE THE MOUTH OF A JAR OUR PLACE OF PRAYER, THE RUBY WINE MADE US SEEM TRULY MEN; IT IS BETTER TO BE IN THE STREET OF THE TAVERN, THAN TO LEAVE LIFE TO WITHER IN THE MOSQUE.

MAKE THE CONDITIONS OF THIS WORLD EASY UNTO MY HEART, AND MAKE MY EVIL ACTIONS SECRET FROM CREATION. GIVE ME TO-DAY MY PLEASURE, AND TO-MORROW INFLICT ON ME WHATEVER THY LIBERALITY DEEMS MEET.

CXXXVII

NOW THAT THE BROWN BIRD TELLS
HIS TALE, HIS TALE, THINK OF RED
WINE IN THE HANDS OF TOPERS, TOPERS.
ARISE, APPROACH, FOR THE ROSE EX-
PANDS IN GLADNESS, FOR TWO OR
THREE DAYS THY PAINS AVENGE,
AVENGE.

WE ARE THE KEYS OF THE SCHEME
OF EXISTENCE, WE TO WISE EYES ARE
THE VERY ESSENCE OF DIVINITY. IS
NOT THE HOOP OF THE WORLD LIKE
UNTO A RING, AND ARE NOT WE
THE WROUGHT GEMS THEREOF?

IF I FEED IN FAMINE-HUNTED RA-
MAZAN, IT IS NOT THROUGH FORGET-
FULNESS, BUT BECAUSE THE CLINGING
FASTS HAVE CHANGED MY DAYS TO
NIGHTS, AND DELUDED ME INTO BE-
LIEVING THAT I ATE THE MORNING
MEAL.

CXXXVIII

WHILE I SEARCHED THE PAGES OF THE BOOK OF LOVE, A WISE MAN LIFTED UP HIS VOICE AND SAID, "HAPPY IS HE WHO HOLDS IN HIS HOUSE A GIRL MORE LOVELY THAN THE MOON, AND DREAMS OF A NIGHT-TIME LONGER THAN A YEAR."

IF THOU CANST UNDERSTAND THE CIRCUIT OF THIS WHEEL, THOU MUST PERCEIVE TWO KINDS OF MEN, THOSE KNOWING GOOD AND EVIL, AND THOSE THAT KNOW NEITHER THEMSELVES NOR AUGHT ELSE.

O FRIEND, ABIDE TRANQUIL IN THY DAY, NOR GRIEVE FOR FLEETING TIME IN VAIN, WHEN THE GARB OF LIFE IS RENT, IT MATTERS LITTLE WHAT THOU HAST DONE, WHAT THOU HAST SAID, AND IN WHAT WAY THOU HAST BEEN STAINED.

CXXXIX

WHENEVER ON THIS GREEN EARTH
WE ARE AFFECTED BY JOY, LIKE
UNTO THE GREEN STEED OF THE SKY,
THEN WITH GREEN YOUTH I EAT
GREEN HASHISH ON THE GREEN SWORD
UNTIL I LIE BELOW THE GREEN OF
THE EARTH.

O THOU, THE QUINTESSENCE OF THE
SUM OF EXISTENCE, CEASE A MOMENT
TO THINK UPON EVIL GAIN, TAKE ONE
CUP OF WINE FROM THE ETERNAL
SAKI, AND SET THYSELF FREE FROM
THE CARES OF BOTH WORLDS.

ARISE, ARISE FROM THY PLACE OF
SLEEP, O CUP-BEARER, GIVE US, O
GIVE US CLEAR WINE, O CUP-BEARER,
ERE YET THE CUPS OF OUR HEADS
ARE MADE INTO FLAGONS, POUR FROM
THY FLAGON INTO OUR CUP, O CUP-
BEARER.

CXL

TO THE WISE READER IN THE BOOK
OF LIFE, JOY, SORROW, WEAL, AND
WOE ARE ALL ALIKE. SINCE GOOD
AND ILL ALIKE MUST HAVE THEIR
END, IT MATTERS LITTLE WHETHER
OUR PORTION BE GOOD OR EVIL.

CEASE BABBLING OF THE KORAN,
CUP-BEARER, GIVE ME FREE QUARTERS
AT THE WINE-HOUSE, O CUP-BEARER ;
THE NIGHT OF THOSE FREE QUARTERS
IN THE INN SHALL BE MY NIGHT OF
NIGHTS, O CUP-BEARER.

KNOW YOU WHY AT THE HOUR OF
THE DAWNING THE COCK SHRILLS
HIS FREQUENT CLARION ? IT IS BUT
TO REMIND YOU BY THE MIRROR OF
MORNING, THAT FROM YOUR EXISTENCE
A NIGHT HAS SLIPPED, AND YOU ARE
STILL IGNORANT.

CXLI

ART WISE ENOUGH TO LEARN IN
LITTLE THE TRUTH OF MAN? A MISER-
ABLE BEING MOULDED FROM THE MUD
OF SORROW. A LITTLE WHILE HE
EATS UPON THIS EARTH, THEN LIFTS
HIS FOOT TO WANDER HENCE.

NEVER WITH CHEER A DROP OF
WATER DO WE CONSUME, BUT FROM
THE HAND OF SORROW WE CONSUME
WINE. WE NEVER DIP A BIT OF BREAD
IN SALT, BUT WE CONSUME OUR OWN
VITALS.

LORD, FREE ME FROM THIS PUZZLE
OF THE MORE AND LESS. ABSORB ME
IN THEE AND FREE ME FROM MYSELF.
WHILE I CAN REASON I KNOW GOOD
AND EVIL: INTOXICATE ME, AND FREE
ME FROM KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND
EVIL.

CXLII

OH LORD, HAVE MERCY ON MY CAPTIVE HEART, HAVE MERCY ON MY SORROW-LADEN BREAST, HAVE MERCY ON MY TAVERN-TURNING FOOT, AND ON MY HAND THAT CATCHES AT THE CUP.

I AM WHAT THY POWER FASHIONED. I HAVE LIVED A HUNDRED YEARS RICH IN THY GIFTS AND GRACE. I WOULD FAIN LIVE YET ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SIN AND SEE IN THE END IF THE SUM OF MY FAULTS OR THY PITY BE THE GREATER.

SAY, WHAT MAN ON EARTH HAS NEVER SINNED? SAY, WHO COULD LIVE AND NEVER SIN? IF, THEREFORE, BECAUSE I DO ILL YOU PUNISH ME BY ILL, SAY, THEN, WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEE AND ME?

CXLIII

JUSTICE IS THE SOUL OF THE WORLD,
AND THE WORLD IS A BODY. THE
ANGELS ARE ITS SENSES, THE SKIES
ITS ELEMENTS, HUMANITY ITS LIMBS.
THIS IS THE ETERNAL UNITY, ALL
ELSE IS DELUSION.

THE CARES OF THIS WORLD ARE
NOT WORTH ONE BARLEYCORN. WE
ARE HAPPY. IF WE BREAKFAST WE
DO NOT DINE. WE ARE HAPPY.
NAUGHT COOKED COMES TO US FROM
THE KITCHEN. WE BESEECH NO ONE.
WE ARE HAPPY.

MY POOR HEART, SYMPATHETIC AND
DISTRAUGHT, IS DEEPLY DROWNED IN
THE LOVE OF MY WELL-BELOVED. THE
DAY THE WINE OF LOVE WAS POURED,
MY SHARE WAS DRAWN FROM THE
BLOOD OF MY HEART.

CXLIV

THEY BID ME DRINK LESS WINE, AND
WONDER WHY I WILL NOT RENOUNCE.
WHY, BECAUSE THE FACE OF MY
FRIEND IS THE MORNING WINE. COULD
THERE BE A BETTER REASON ?

O THOU WHOSE LIP IS WET WITH
THE WATER OF LIFE, DO NOT LET
THE LIP OF THE CUP COME NIGH.
MAY I LOSE MY NAME IF I DO NOT
SLAKE MY VENGEANCE IN THE BLOOD
OF THE CUP THAT DARES TO LAY ITS
LIPS TO THINE.

TAKE CUP AND FLAGON IN THY
HANDS, BELOVED, LET US HASTEN TO
THE FIELDS AND STREAMS, FOR MANY
MAIDENS LOVELY AS THE MOON HAVE
BEEN TURNED AT LAST INTO CUPS AND
FLAGONS.

CXLV

DO NOT RIOT IN THE TAVERN ;
ABIDE THERE WITHOUT BRAWLING.
SELL YOUR TURBAN, SELL YOUR
KORAN TO BUY WINE, THEN HURRY
PAST THE MOSQUE WITHOUT GOING IN.

NEVER WOUND WITH SORROW A
JOYOUS HEART, NOR BREAK WITH THE
STONES OF TORMENT ONE MOMENT
OF DELIGHT. SINCE NONE CAN SAY
WHAT IS TO COME, OUR NEEDS ARE
WINE, A BELOVED, AND DESIREFUL
EASE.

SOME MEDITATE OF RELIGIONS AND
BELIEFS, SOME SWAY BEWILDERED BE-
TWINX DOUBT AND KNOWLEDGE.
SUDDENLY THE WATCHER CRIES,
“FOOLS, YOUR ROAD IS NOT HERE
NOR THERE.”

CXLVI

WHERE ARE RUBY LIPS, JEWELS OF
YOUTH? WHERE IS THE SCENTED
WINE THAT SOOTHES THE SOUL? IT
IS FORBIDDEN BY THE MOSLEM CREED.
DRINK, FOR WHERE IS THE MOSLEM
CREED?

O EVIL-DOER, NEVER DOING GOOD,
WHO SEEK SHELTER WITH DIVINITY,
BEWARE OF TRUSTING TO BE PARDONED,
FOR THE NOTHING-DOER RESEMBLES
NOT THE DOER ANY MORE THAN THE
DOER REPRESENTS THE NOTHING-DOER.

BEST TO DWELL IN JOY ALONE, BEST
TO TAKE THE CUP FROM THE FINGERS
OF THE MOST FAIR, BEST THE INTOXI-
CATION OF THE KALENDARS, BEST IS
WINE OF ALL THAT LIES BETWEEN THE
MOON AND THE EARTH.

CXLVII

THE HEAVEN IS A BOWL INVERTED
OVER OUR HEADS. THE WISE ARE
SHAMED AND FEEBLE, BUT THE CUP
AND JAR ARE FAST FRIENDS. THEY
ARE LIP TO LIP THOUGH BLOOD FLOWS
BETWEEN THEM.

THE DROP OF WATER SORROWED
TO BE SUNDERED FROM THE OCEAN.
OCEAN SMILING SAID, "WE ARE ALL
IN ALL, GOD IS WITHIN AND AROUND
US, AND WE ARE DIVIDED BUT BY
AN IMPERCEPTIBLE POINT.

OH, WOULD THAT THERE WERE A
PLACE TO REST, THAT BY THIS ROAD
WE MIGHT ARRIVE; OH, THAT AFTER
A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS WE
MIGHT ARISE ANEW FROM THE HEART
OF THE EARTH LIKE THE GREEN
GRASSES.

CXLVIII

WEEP NOT FOR THIS BUSTLING
WORLD, CALL FOR WINE AND FOR
YOUR DEAR, FOR THAT FROM WHICH
MAN DROPPED TO-DAY, HE SEEKS TO
ENTER AGAIN TO-MORROW.

KNOW THYSELF IF THOU ART WISE,
AND SEE WHAT THOU HAST BROUGHT
WITH THEE, AND WHAT THOU WILT
TAKE AWAY. YOU WILL NOT DRINK
FORSOOTH BECAUSE YOU MUST DIE.
WHY, WHETHER YOU DRINK OR NO,
YOU MUST DIE.

LET NOT THE WEIGHT OF THE
WORLD OPPRESS YOU, DO NOT VEX
YOUR SOUL WITH THE THOUGHT OF
THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY, YIELD
NOT YOUR HEART SAVE TO THE
FAIREST OF THE FAIR, NEVER LACK
GOOD WINE NOR CAST YOUR LIFE TO
THE WIND.

CXLIX

WHENEVER YOU CAN GET TWO MEASURES OF WINE, DRINK, WHEREVER YOU MAY BE, FOR HE WHO ACTS THUS IS FREE FROM THY SCORN OR MY SCORN.

THEY BID YOU DRINK NO WINE UNDER PENALTY OF FIERY PAINS ON THE DAY OF RECKONING. NEVERTHELESS, THE MOMENT IN WHICH WINE MAKES YOU HAPPY IS BETTER THAN THE REWARDS OF THIS WORLD OR THE NEXT.

ALAS, FATE WILL NOT LET ME LIVE ANIGH THEE, YET I CANNOT BEAR TO LIVE A HAIR'S BREADTH APART FROM THEE. I DARE NOT SHARE MY WOES WITH ANYONE. OH, HARD LOT, STRANGE SORROW, FAIR PASSION.

CL

IF YOU DELIGHT IN DARKENING
THE FREE HEART, WEAR MOURNING
FOR YOUR WITS YOUR WHOLE LIFE
LONG, AND BE ACCURSED FOR THE
FOOL YOU ARE.

I WOULD THAT GOD REBUILT THE
WORLD ANEW, AND THAT I MIGHT SEE
THE WORK BEGUN. I WOULD THAT
GOD BLOTTED MY NAME FROM THE
ROLL OF LIFE, OR OF HIS BOUNTY
MADE LIFE SEEM MORE FAIR.

GIVE ME A FLAGON OF RED WINE,
A BOOK OF VERSES, A LOAF OF BREAD,
AND A LITTLE IDLENESS. IF WITH
SUCH STORE I MIGHT SIT BY THY DEAR
SIDE IN SOME LONELY PLACE, I SHOULD
DEEM MYSELF HAPPIER THAN A KING
IN HIS KINGDOM.

CLI

WE TRUST IN DIVINE GOODNESS
WHICH DELIVERS US FROM SIN AND
DUTY, FOR WHERE THY LOVING KIND-
NESS IS, HE WHO DOES NOT, AND HE
WHO DOES ARE EQUAL.

BE RESIGNED TO SORROW IF YOU
WISH TO ESCAPE IT, DO NOT COMPLAIN
OF YOUR HURTS IF YOU WOULD HAVE
THEM HEALED. IF YOU WOULD FAIN
TASTE THE JOYS OF RICHES, THEN
THANK PROVIDENCE FOR YOUR POVERTY.

THE FLOWERS ARE FULL IN BLOSSOM,
O CUP-BEARER ; BRING WINE AND QUIT
YOUR PRAYERS, O CUP-BEARER ; ERE
YET DEATH'S ANGEL RISES UP AGAINST
US, COME CUP IN HAND, AND BE HAPPY
AWHILE WITH THE BELOVED, O CUP-
BEARER.

CLII

DRINK WINE, DEAR FRIEND, AND
DELIGHT IN YOUR BELOVED, GIVE
SMUG HYPOCRISY THE GO-BY. DO YOU
FOLLOW THE LAW OF MAHOMMED,
THEN TAKE A CUP OF WINE FROM THE
BOWL WHEN ALI PLAYS THE CUP-
BEARER.

IN THE KITCHEN OF LIFE, YOU
SAVOUR ONLY THE SMOKE. HOW LONG
WILL YOU STUDY IN SORROW THE
PROBLEM OF BEING AND NOT BEING?
THIS WORLD IS LOSS TO THOSE THAT
CLING TO IT. CAST IT ADrift, AND
LO ! THE LOSS IS GAIN.

OH, THOU WHOSE ESSENCE IS UN-
KNOWABLE TO MIND, THOU WHO
HEEDEST NEITHER OUR FAULTS NOR
OUR VIRTUES, I AM DRUNK WITH SINS,
BUT MY TRUST IN THEE MAKES ME
SOBER, I COUNT UPON THY CLEMENCY.

THOUGH WE HAVE NO WISH TO VEX
MEN IN THEIR SLEEP, TO SHOCK THE
NIGHT WITH THEIR DESPAIRING CRIES,
STILL DO NOT PRIDE YOURSELF EITHER
ON YOUR WEALTH OR YOUR COMELI-
NESS, FOR A SINGLE NIGHT MAY SWEEP
THEM BOTH AWAY.

IF FROM THE FIRST YOU MADE ME
KNOW MYSELF, WHY AFTER WOULD
YOU SUNDER ME FROM MYSELF? IF
FROM THE FIRST IT WAS YOUR PUR-
POSE TO ABANDON ME, WHY DID YOU
FLING ME HELPLESS INTO THE MIDDLE
OF THIS WORLD?

IF THE WAYS OF THE WORLD WERE
BUT BASED ON IMITATION, ALL DAYS
WOULD BE HOLIDAYS. WERE IT NOT
FOR THOSE VAIN THREATENINGS,
EVERYONE MIGHT LIVE LIFE TO HIS
OWN LIKING.

CLIV

HEART, MY HEART, IF YOU FREE
YOURSELF FROM EARTHLY CARES, YOU
WILL BECOME PURE SOUL AND SCALE
THE SKIES. THEN WHAT A SHAME
AND SORROW TO HAVE DWELT ON
EARTH !

O POTTER, HAVE A CARE IF YOU
ARE WISE, HOW LONG WILL YOU
DEGRADE THE CLAY OF MAN ? IT IS
THE FINGER OF FERIDOUN, IT IS THE
HAND OF KAI-KHOSROU, THAT YOU
PLACE UPON THE WHEEL. WHAT ARE
YOU THINKING OF ?

IF IN THIS LIFE YOU FEASTED FULL,
WHAT THEN ? SUPPOSE THE LATEST
OF YOUR DAYS HAS COME, WHAT THEN ?
IF YOU HAVE LIVED A HUNDRED HAPPY
YEARS AND HAVE YET A HUNDRED
YEARS TO LIVE, WHAT THEN ?

KNOWEST THOU WHY THE LILY AND THE CYPRESS HAVE SUCH FAIR RENOWN WITH MEN? BECAUSE THE ONE, WITH TEN TONGUES, IS SILENT ; BECAUSE THE OTHER WITH A HUNDRED HANDS, KEEPS THEM FROM PICKING AND STEALING.

BEHOLD IN THE ZEPHYR THE ROBE OF THE ROSE EXPANDING, THE NIGHTINGALE DELIGHTING IN THE BEAUTY OF THE ROSE ; SIT IN THE SHADE OF THE ROSE, FOR MANY TIMES THIS ROSE FROM EARTH HAS COME, AND UNTO EARTH HAS GONE.

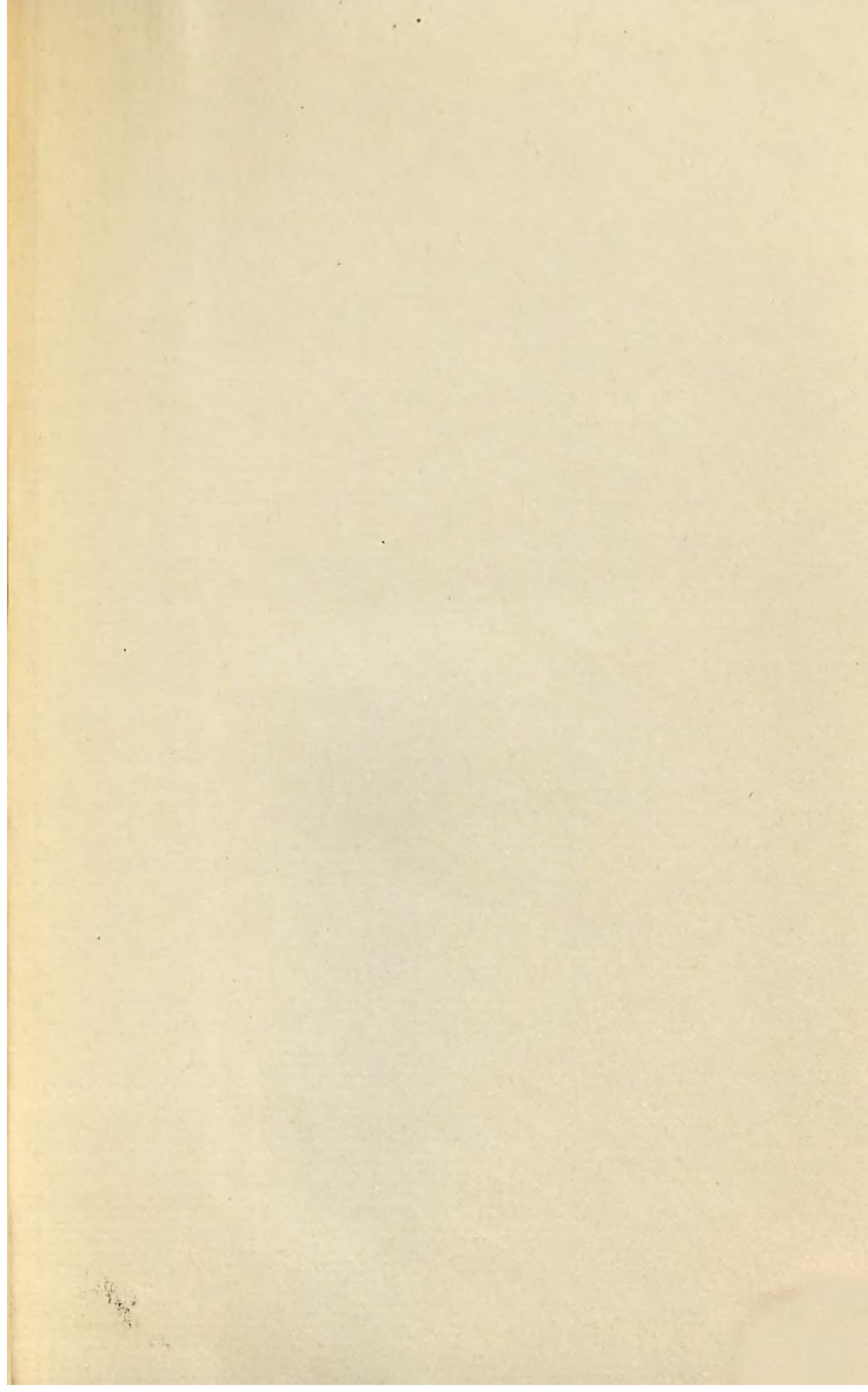
WOE'S ME FOR WASTED LIFE, FOR PROHIBITED PLEASURES, AND CONTAMINATED BODIES. MY FACE IS BLACKENED FOR NOT HAVING DONE WHAT THOU HAST ORDERED. HOW THEN IF I HAD DONE WHAT THOU HAST NOT ORDERED?

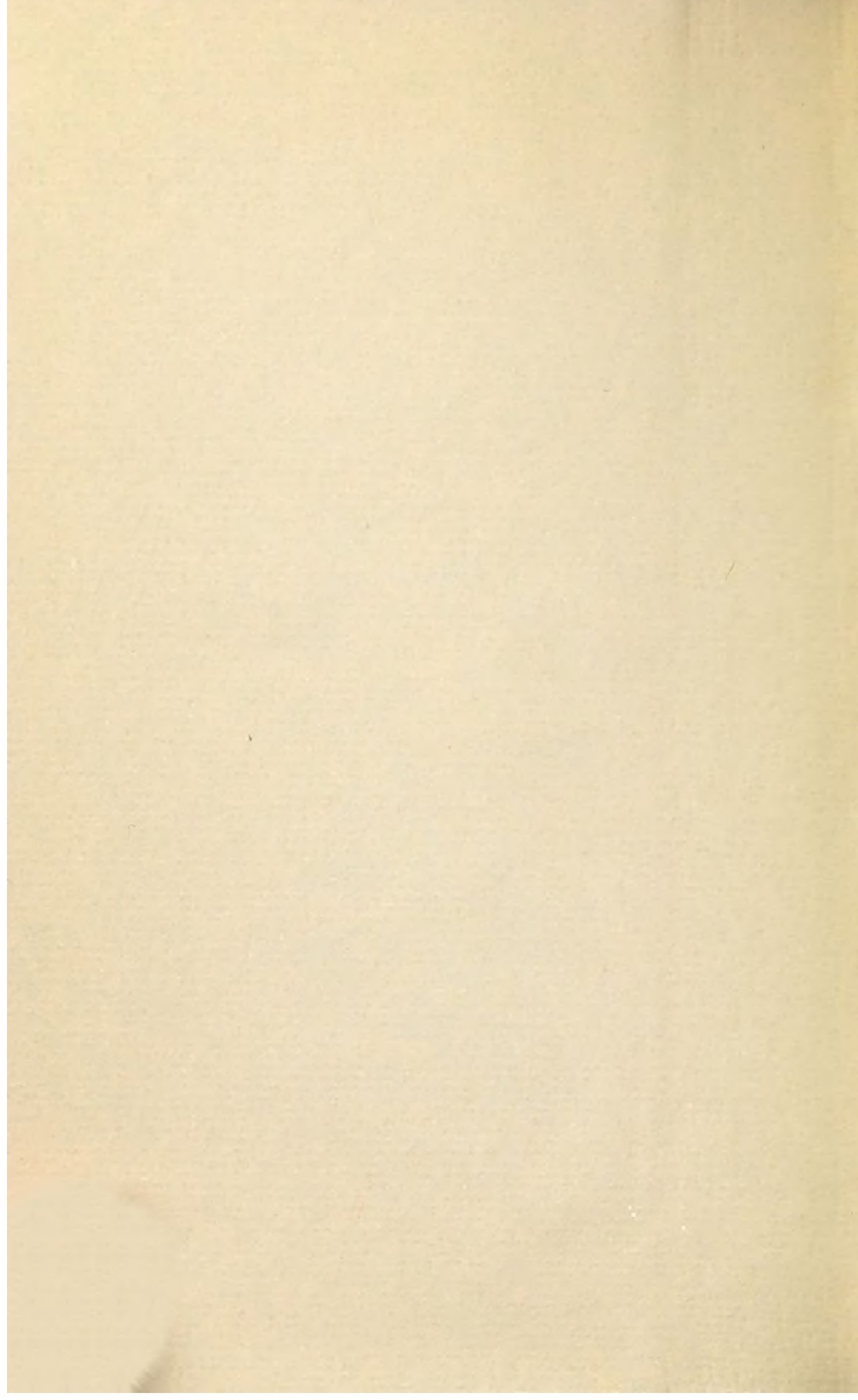
HOW LONG SHALL I VEX ME WITH
THE HAVE OR HAVE-NOT, WITH WON-
DERING IF I SHOULD OR SHOULD NOT
PASS LIFE PLEASANTLY? NAY, FILL
THE CUP, MY CUP-BEARER, FOR IN
TRUTH I KNOW NOT IF I SHALL BREATHE
OUT THE BREATH I NOW BREATHE IN.

IN THIS HOUSE OF LIFE, PHILOSOPHER,
DRINK RED WINE, SO EVERY ATOM OF
THY DUST WHICH THE WIND YET SHALL
CARRY, WILL FALL STEEPED IN WINE,
ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE TAVERN.



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Franz Steckeler
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